

From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *A Cry from the Desert*. London: 1707.
2. *Nouveaux Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Trois Camisardes, où l'on voit les Déclarations du Colonel Cavallier*. London: 1708.
3. *Memoirs of the Wars of the Cevennes*. By J. Cavallier. London: 1726.
4. *Histoire des Troubles des Cevennes, ou de la Guerre des Camisars sous Louis le Grand*. Par A. Court. Villefranche: 1760.
5. *Histoire des Pasteurs du Désert*. Par Napoleon Peyrat. Paris: 1842.
6. *The Pastors of the Wilderness*. London: 1851.

"DRIVEN from their native villages," says Gibbon in describing the fiercest and most fanatical of the African sects of Christianity,\* "the leaders of the Circumcellions assumed the title of captains of the saints; and the well-known sound of 'Praise be to God,' which they used as their cry of war, diffused consternation over the unarmed provinces of Africa. They engaged, and sometimes defeated, the troops of the province, and in the bloody action of Bagai, attacked in the open field, but with unsuccessful valor, an advanced guard of the imperial cavalry. The Donatists, who were taken in arms, received, and they soon deserved, the treatment which might have been shown to the wild beasts of the desert. The captains died, without a murmur, either by the sword, the axe, or the fire; and the measures of retaliation were multiplied in a rapid proportion, which aggravated the horrors of rebellion, and excluded the hope of mutual forgiveness. In the beginning of the present century, the example of the Circumcellions has been renewed in the persecution, the boldness, the crimes, and the enthusiasm of the Camisards; and if the fanatics of Languedoc surpassed those of Numidia by military achievements, the Africans maintained their fierce independence with more resolution and perseverance."

The allusion contained in the last sentences of this paragraph is, in our own time and country, hardly understood. It relates to

one of the most curious episodes of French history. We know of no wilder story than that of the revolt of the Cevennes, and of no stranger career than that of Jean Cavallier, the principal leader of the insurgents. A baker's apprentice in one year, he treated in the next on equal terms with the greatest marshal in France; and he resigned the characters of a priest, a prophet, and a worker of miracles for a commission in the army of Queen Anne. The circumstances of his life give a certain unity to the wild scenes in which he was the principal actor. Unless they are viewed in some such relation, they leave upon the mind a vague impression of confused bloodshed and horror. The contemporary chronicles (now very scarce) are described by M. Peyrat as a dreary list of murders and executions. His own work, though written with much warmth of imagination and local knowledge, is for a similar reason very hard to remember; and the same is true in a still greater degree of the impartial and accurate history of the famous Protestant Pastor Antoine Court, in reading which, "it requires," says Gibbon, "some attention to discover the religion of the author."

Jean Cavallier was born at Ribaute, near Anduze, in Languedoc, in the year 1685. His parents were Protestant peasants, and he was brought up first as a shepherd, afterwards as a baker. When he was but a year old the edict of Nantes was revoked. The new law provided that all Protestants should bring up their children as Catholics, and that, if they failed to do so, the children should be taken from them, and educated in convents. Cavallier's father sent his son, for six years together, to the Catholic parish school; the Bishop who officiated at his confirmation, pleased by his intelligence, proposed to enter him at a Jesuit college, in which he might be instructed in the higher branches of education. This scheme was, however, frustrated by his mother, who used in the evening to make him read the Bible, and books of controversy, and sometimes took him to the conventicles, which were held in the Cevennes by the Protestants.

\* Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," cap. xxi.

Some of these meetings were presided over by the famous Claude Brousson, who was driven from his profession as an advocate at the age of forty, and adopted that of a wandering preacher. After preaching for many years in all parts of France, he was hanged and broken on the wheel at Montpellier, on the 4th of November, 1695. Brousson was a pious and sober-minded person, and it is probable that the meetings at which he officiated were free from extravagance; but other scenes were enacted amongst the Protestants, all mention of which Cavallier avoids, although he had probably participated in them.

Ever since the year 1689, Dauphiny and Languedoc had been infested by an epidemic fanaticism, the manifestations of which strangely resembled the extravagances of our own Mormonites and clairvoyants. The revocation of the edict of Nantes was followed by the forcible conversion of such of the nobility as still remained Protestant. The only persons who retained their creed were poor and uneducated. Their position made them an easy prey to fanaticism. Jurieu's Book on the Revelations, published in 1686, produced an immense effect upon them. It appointed the year 1689 for the revival of Protestantism in France, and predicted the approaching downfall of the whole Catholic hierarchy. A man named Du Serre, who lived on the same mountain which was honored, in 1846, by the apparition of our Lady of Salette, established a sort of school of the prophets. His instruments of education seem to have been knavery and animal magnetism, by means of which he made his pupils fancy that they received Divine revelations. Similar causes must, however, have been at work over a great extent of country, for prophets began to see visions, and to dream dreams, with one consent, from the Jura to the Gulf of Lyons. In 1689 no less than three partial insurrections took place. For fourteen years the excitement continued. Some piece of tableland was chosen on the top of one of the hills of Languedoc, so that the approach of any troops could be seen in time for the meeting to disperse. Then a ring was formed around a prophet or prophetess, who lay on the ground screaming and sobbing, shedding hysterical tears, and writhing in semi-voluntary convulsions. The oracle sometimes

announced that a temple of white marble would fall in the valleys of the Cevennes, ornamented with pillars bearing golden chaplets, and inscribed with the tables of the law. Sometimes it applied to Languedoc the visions of Joel, and foretold the approach of the day of the Lord, and the advent of the great people and strong, before whom the earth should quake, and the heavens tremble, the sun and the moon be dark, and the stars withdraw their shining. Nothing could exceed the intensity of the impressions thus produced on the common people. Even little children were infected, and began to prophesy. The government anticipated the "*Défense à Dieu*" of the next generation, and made parents criminally responsible for the inspiration of their families. The prophets were broken on the wheel, the congregations were subjected to military execution. In one night the troops massacred eighteen persons at a prayer-meeting near Uzès, and fifteen others at Fornac. Four men and four women were hanged at Pont de Montvert, and the town was threatened with destruction. Horror spread the fascination in all directions. Many even of the subordinate officials began to experience its power, and the victims and authors of the delusion formed a mass which daily became more and more homogeneous.

In the midst of such scenes young Cavallier passed the first sixteen years of his life. The impression which they made upon him may be inferred from his subsequent history. His language and his actions both show his bitter hatred of Popery, but his love for Protestantism was by no means commensurate with it. His understanding was as shrewd as his courage was high, and his not very honest silence as to the fanaticism of his countrymen, shows what he thought of it in after life. At sixteen, such thoughts had probably not taken very deep root. At a time of life at which feelings and opinions radically contradictory may be simultaneously indulged, his imagination may well have been captivated by the wildness of the scenes, which his understanding may even then have been beginning to despise. He was at any rate precociously intimate with human nature, and had seen the wildest manifestations of some of its strongest passions. His attendance on conventicles had taught him, as it had taught many

of t  
pur  
him  
Fro  
and  
acqu  
rudi  
In  
well  
testa  
Guil  
the p  
had  
secur  
need  
time  
Com  
the u  
of La  
lar tr  
and d  
and S  
puls  
and I  
midst  
becam  
of his  
notice  
to give  
acqu  
use an  
pected  
that H  
prison  
one of  
their  
from t  
the cor  
on a  
for sor  
baker.  
This  
history  
testant  
many c  
was at  
Cathol  
aries w  
priests  
sions of  
intende  
Archde  
man ha  
Siam, w  
gone p

of the Protestant peasantry, how to avoid pursuit, and had, it would seem, given him great knowledge of the country. From the constant movements of troops and militia throughout Languedoc, he had acquired considerable familiarity with the rudiments of military discipline.

In the year 1702, the government were well prepared for any outbreak of the Protestants. The Intendant of Languedoc, Guillaume Lamoignon de Baviile, who ruled the province with almost absolute authority, had taken every precaution in his power to secure a speedy victory, if a victory were needed. Roads had been made for the first time through the Gévaudan and the Vivarais. Commanding positions had been levelled for the use of cavalry and artillery. The States of Languedoc voted eight regiments of regular troops, and 40,000 militia were enrolled, and drilled every Sunday. Alais St. Esprit and St. Hippolyte were fortified by the compulsory labor of all the masons, smiths, carts and horses, for thirty miles round. In the midst of these preparations young Cavallier became an object of suspicion to the priest of his parish. The clever lad who had been noticed by the bishop of the diocese, began to give up his attendance at mass, to betray an acquaintance with some of the arguments in use among the Protestants, and to be suspected of attending conventicles. Finding that his father ran some risk of being imprisoned on his account, he put himself under one of the guides, who at that time made it their business to assist refugees in flying from the country, and reached Geneva, in the company of about thirty other persons, on a similar errand. There he remained for some time working at his trade as a baker.

This period was an eventful one in the history of Languedoc. The continued Protestantism of the mass of the population of many of the provinces of the south and west, was attributed to the ignorance of the Catholic clergy. To remedy this, missionaries were sent to effect what the parish priests were not able to perform. The missions of the Gévaudan were under the superintendence of a certain Abbé du Chayla, Archdeacon of the High Cevennes. This man had been in early life a missionary in Siam, where it is said he had himself undergone persecution. He had returned to

France with the famous Eastern Embassy to Louis XIV., and had been appointed Inspector of the Missions of the Cevennes on account of his resolute character. He executed his commission strictly, — converting his cellars into prisons, in which the prisoners were confined in stocks by the wrists and ankles in a kneeling position. He made them hold burning coals in their hands, and twisting oiled tow round their fingers, lighted them like lamps. This conduct, coupled with accusations of perverting his authority for the gratification of his licentiousness, had made him unpopular, and as the war in the summer of 1702 had drained Languedoc of troops, he was exposed to considerable danger.

Whilst at Geneva Cavallier heard that his parents had been sent to prison, for refusing to go to mass. He returned to France in hopes of obtaining their release — it does not appear how. He found that they had been set at liberty, in consideration of a recantation, for giving which he reproached them in the bitterest terms, telling his mother that he was sorry that he should have to bear witness against her at the Day of Judgment. The same evening one of his friends asked him to go to a conventicle held at a place called Alta fage (alta fagus), on the top of Mont Bougés. After the sermon, the congregation were informed that Du Chayla had taken a party of emigrants prisoners, and had confined them in the cellar of a house, which is still standing, in the little town of Pont de Montvert, about six miles from the place where they then were. They were then addressed by a prophet known, from his frequent revelations, as "Esprit" Segurier. With his tall thin figure, his long hair, and his wild eye, he looked like one of the ancient Druids, who had prophesied and preached at Alta fage, when Nismes and Arles were still Roman colonies. He told his hearers that the Lord had bidden him deliver their brethren from captivity, and exterminate the archdeacon of Moloch. Solomon Couderc and Abraham Mazel, the prophets, spoke to the same effect. The latter in particular had been warned by a vision: — "My brethren, I had a vision, and I saw black oxen, very fat, browsing on the plants of a garden; and a voice said unto me, 'Abraham, drive away those oxen;' and when I did not obey, the voice said

again, 'Abraham, drive away those oxen.' Now the garden is the Church of God, and the black oxen are the priests, and the word is the Eternal, who has ordered me to expel them from the Cevennes."

About fifty of the congregation assembled at the same place for the next night; twenty had fire-arms, and the others scythes and axes. After being harangued and blessed by their leader, they descended from the summit of Alte fage, and crossed the *landes* and forests which divide it from Pont de Montvert, singing as they went the 74th Psalm, which tells how the holy places were broken down with axes and hammers, and calls upon the Lord to pluck his right hand from his bosom, and to consume the enemy. At about ten o'clock at night, Du Chayla heard the sound of their psalmody, as they moved in quick time across the waste, and up the street of the town, and commanded his guard of militia to go out to reconnoitre. Before his orders could be obeyed, Segurier's troop entered the town, called as they passed to the inhabitants to stand back from the windows, surrounded the house in which were Du Chayla and the prisoners, and demanded their liberation. This being refused, they broke open the doors of the prison, and, enraged at the sight of the wrists and ankles of their friends half dislocated and swollen, commenced an attack. The militia fired; one of the Protestants was killed and another wounded. Then a cry arose to burn the Priest of Baal, and his troops with him, and furniture was heaped against the staircase and lighted. The militia, after receiving absolution from the archdeacon, escaped by the window, but their leader fell, and broke his thigh. He tried to hide himself behind some bushes, but his enemies found him out. "We have you, damned persecutor!" cried Segurier. "My friends," answered his victim, "if I am damned, do you wish to damn yourselves, too?" He received fifty-two wounds, of which twenty-four were mortal. His murderers, says Antoine Court, "found neither flesh enough to stab, nor life enough to take." All night long the inhabitants sat up in their houses, afraid to sleep or go out. All night long the Camisards knelt round the body of the murdered man, singing psalms, undisturbed except by the crackling of the flames of the burning house and the murmurs of the Tarn among the masses of

rock which obstruct this part of its course. Encouraged by his success, Segurier determined to commit the Protestants irrevocably. He executed, as he said, the judgments of God. That is to say, he murdered all the priests he could find, and burnt down the château de la Devèze, massacring all the inhabitants for refusing to give up some arms which had been stored there. Large bodies of militia, and some troops, were marched into Pont de Montvert; and a certain Captain Poul, who had formerly distinguished himself against the Vaudois or Barbets, defeated the insurgents, and made Segurier his prisoner.

His interrogatory was as follows:—"What is your name?"—"Pierre Segurier."—"Why do they call you Esprit?"—"Because the spirit of the Lord is upon me."—"Where is your domicile?"—"In the desert—soon in heaven."—"Beg pardon of the king."—"We have no king but the Eternal."—"Do you repent of your crimes?"—"My soul is a garden full of shades and springs of water." His right hand was cut off, and he was burnt alive. His last words, as preserved by popular tradition, were, "My brethren, wait, and have patience in the Lord; for the desolation of Carmel shall flourish, and the desert of Lebanon shall blossom like the rose." The insurgents, deprived of their leader, were chased from one wood to another by the troops "like so many foxes by a pack of dogs;" but by degrees the vigilance of the government relaxed, and the fugitives had time to settle their plans.

The courage which Cavallier had displayed in the recent events, in which he had taken a conspicuous, though a subordinate, part, and a promise which he had obtained from a large number of young men in his own neighborhood, to put themselves under his command at the resumption of hostilities, secured him the second place in the army. The first was assigned to a person whose career was less brilliant, though his character was more remarkable—Roland Laporte. He was a man of inflexible firmness, of great prudence, foresight, and self-command, he had some political knowledge, and possessed to an extraordinary degree the faculty of inspiring his followers with strong personal affection. He was twenty-five years of age, a vine-dresser of Lower Languedoc, and a member of a



family famous in the annals of local persecution. During the autumn and winter of 1702, Roland, Cavallier, and their associates chose the scene, and matured the plans, of the insurrection.

The hills of the Ardennes, the Vosges, the mountains of Auvergne, the Cevennes, and the Pyrenees, are the great watershed of France, from the eastern and northern slopes of which the streams fall off into the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Mediterranean, whilst they flow, towards the south and east, into the Loire, the Garonne, the British Channel, and the Bay of Biscay. The northern extremity of the Cevennes lies about half way between Lyons and Montpellier, immediately to the south of the town of Mende. Mende is about thirty miles to the north of St. André de Valborgne, which is about forty miles to the north of Montpellier. Each of these towns stands at the apex of an irregular triangle of hills, of which the northern group is called the Hautes, and the southern the Basses, Cevennes. This district occupies a remarkable position, both in the physical and in the political geography of France. It is a continuation of the great volcanic formations of Auvergne. The mountains still bear traces of their origin, even to the least scientific eye. They are a succession of wild hills and gorges, covered alternately with rough pastures and forests of beech and chestnut, and strewn with masses of lava. Though few of them rise above the height of 5000 feet, they contain the sources of several of the great rivers of France,—the Lot, the Allier, the Tarn, and the Loire; and of some of the principal feeders of the Rhone, such as the Ardèche, and the two Gardons. The mountains and forests oppose great obstacles to the movements of regular troops: and their staple products, cattle and the chestnuts with which they supply France, are singularly fitted for the support of irregular forces. At the commencement of the eighteenth century, there were no roads in the district except those lately constructed by Bâville. The villages were numerous, though solitary, and, as the snow lay for months together in the winter, the inhabitants passed their time in-doors, weaving the fleeces of their sheep into a rough kind of cloth, which was largely exported both to the north and south of Europe.

The population was distinguished by many

peculiarities from the bulk of the French nation. Their district—the Gévaudan—was the northernmost county of Languedoc. Their language was that *Langue d'Oc*, from which the province had derived its name,—a name which in earlier times had applied to a great part of the southeast of France. In this district the Camisards\* hoped to organize a war of partisans, which might become important if the allies should gain any decisive advantage over the king of France. They raised a force of 3000 men, distributed into five legions or regiments, two of which were posted on two parallel ranges of hills to the south, two others in their rear, and the fifth still further north. These positions they habitually maintained; leaving them only as the purposes of the insurrection required. The general plan of their operations was to provoke the troops and militia to act on the offensive, and to attack them as soon as they were entangled in an unfavorable position. After a victory they spread alarm over a wide district of country, appearing at many different points at once, and deceiving the enemy as to their number by the quickness of their motions: after a defeat, they disappeared in parties of three or four, and rejoined each other, by paths known to few beside themselves, at given points in the heaths and woods of their native mountains. The plain of Languedoc, from the foot of the mountains to the seacoast, was their field of battle; the mountains of the Cevennes their stronghold and magazine.

To recruit this force was the least of their difficulties. They judged, as the event showed very wisely, that a small force was more easily managed and less easily attacked than a large one. The numbers were maintained at the same level throughout the whole war. The soldiers differed widely from the inhabitants of the centre and southwest of France, from whom our popular notions of the French character are principally derived. In character, as in language, they much resembled the Spaniards. They were a fierce, passionate race, dogged in their opinions, and stubborn in their conduct. They would fight without fear, discouragement, or plans;

\* Camisards, from *Camisa* the Languedocian for *Chemise*. The name has the same meaning as that of the Irish Whiteboys. The insurgents were also called Barbets, from the name given to the Vaudois. Their own name for each other was "Enfants de Dieu."

as their ranks were thinned by battle, they were recruited by persecution, and the disappointment of their hopes of extending the insurrection only heightened its intensity in its original theatre. They hoped to meet with such successes in Languedoc as to encourage the Protestants of Montpellier, Nîmes, the Vivarais,\* and Dauphiny to rise in a general insurrection. Having thus opened the communications with the Savoy frontier and the seacoast, they might be assisted by the forces of Prince Eugene, or by the English fleet.

In the mean time, the most pressing problem which they had to solve, was how to arm and equip the force upon which their plans depended. A regular commissariat was established. The mountains of the Cevennes are full of caves. They were carefully surveyed and explored, but their locality was concealed from all but those to whom it was necessary to communicate it. The most airy, and the driest among them, were set apart for hospitals, others for arsenals, others for magazines of provisions, and others for workshops. Some of them combined all these characters. One of them is thus described :

"The first objects found there were wounded men, lying in cots of boards with which the rock was wainscotted. Further on were thirty sacks of corn, a quantity of meal, a heap of chestnuts, another of beans, sacks of vegetables, twenty barrels of wine, fifteen mule loads (*charges*) of brandy, and huge sides of bacon hung from the roof. Next came the surgery, — drugs, ointment, lint, surgical instruments; and last of all, the arsenal, — pikes, guns, pistols, fifteen quintals of manufactured powder, sulphur, saltpetre, willow charcoal, mortars, and mills to make more, . . . with a great number of saws, axes, forks, bills, scythes, and other matters, useful for life or death."

But it was not enough to store up the provisions which the mountains afforded. The government caused all the mills to be destroyed, and all the villages to be watched, so that the insurgents might neither be able to grind their own corn nor to buy clothes, shoes, or ammunition. All these precau-

tions were either foreseen or defeated. A great part of the insurgents were artisans. They built watermills on the most retired streams, and windmills on the most lonely mountain tops. Others carried on their trade in the intervals of warfare, especially the workers in iron, who repaired the arms of the combatants, and the tailors and shoemakers, who employed themselves continually on the coarse cloth and leather which were the staple products of the district. Even gunpowder was manufactured in the hills, for the country produced saltpetre in abundance, and afforded plenty of willows to make charcoal. A certain quantity was bought at Nîmes and Montpellier, and more at Avignon. Balls were procured by melting down the leaden roofs and bells of the churches, and all the pewter utensils on which the insurgents could lay their hands.\* The first thing done after a battle was to strip the bodies of the dead of all that could be useful. Clothes, arms, and ammunition were carefully collected, and carried to certain fixed dépôts, whence they were moved to the caves in which they were to be stored.

The expenses of the insurrection were defrayed by confiscating the taxes of the districts in which the insurgents were powerful; by the voluntary contribution of the Protestant villages; by the subscriptions of the secret partisans of the rebellion; and, above all, by intercepting the stores of the government forces. In addition (apparently) to what they made themselves, one of the *legions* spent 800 livres a month in shoes, the whole of the insurgent forces about 30,000 livres a year, so that "all the shoemakers in the villages were kept continually at work by order of Roland, who paid them very well." It was one of their boasts that they lived entirely without plunder.

Upon the completion of these preparations, interrupted and succeeded by a few trivial skirmishes, the striking of the first blow of importance was committed to Cavallier, and executed by him with characteristic audacity and success. The garrison of an old feudal hold, the Château de Sérvas, had incurred the indignation of the Camisards by the zeal

\* The Vivarais and the Gevaudan were the two northern counties of Languedoc. They occupied the relative positions of the East and West Ridings of Yorkshire respectively. The Vivarais was separated from Gevaudan by the Ardeche, and from Dauphiny by the Rhone.

\* The wounds given by pewter bullets were peculiarly deadly, and exposed the Camisards to the charge of poisoning their balls; but they never had recourse to pewter till their stores of lead were spent.

with which they watched their movements, and the cruelty with which they massacred several of their nocturnal assemblies. Their fortress was so strong, that, in the religious wars of the preceding century, it had resisted a siege of twelve days by the Duc de Rohan. Cavallier laid an ambuscade for a party of troops on march to Italy; between Alais and St. Esprit killed them all, put on the uniform of the commanding officer, and dressed his men in those of the soldiers. He then picked out six Camisards of ferocious appearance, one of whom was wounded and covered with blood; he handcuffed them, and gave them in charge of their companions as if they had been taken prisoners. Thus disguised, he sent the head man of a neighboring village to tell the commandant of Servas that he was the nephew of M. de Broglie (commander of the forces in Languedoc), and the bearer of orders from him and from Bâville, that he had beaten the Camisards, and taken six of them prisoners, and that he wished to leave them at the castle. The governor, on receiving the message, hastened to welcome Cavallier, and after a glance at his *feuille de route* (taken from the officer who had been killed) readily took charge of the pretended prisoners. He gave their supposed captor an invitation to supper, which, after some pressing, was accepted. Whilst the meal was cooking, the governor showed his guest over the fortifications, and congratulated him on the security which they would afford to the prisoners. The supper was laid on the table, and eaten with much gayety, the Camisards one by one came into the room, under different pretences, carrying their guns in their slings. When enough of them had entered, their leader made a sign. The garrison were seized, disarmed, and put to death. "Thus," says Cavallier, "were punished their cruelties." Having taken possession of the arms, ammunition, and provisions, and set fire to the place, the Camisards departed. At the distance of half a league they heard a report, and looking back saw the castle blown into the air by the explosion of the magazine which had escaped their researches.

This adventure proved to Bâville that he had been mistaken in considering Seguiet's outbreak as a mere *feu de paille*. The rebels called the Protestants to arms, exacted the

taxes, and confiscated the church property. Flechier, the famous Bishop of Nîmes, was so alarmed that he compared himself to Queen Esther: "Traditi sumus, ego et populus meus, ut conteramur, et jugulemur, et pereamus." The states of Languedoc voted a levy of thirty-two companies of Catholic fusiliers, and a regiment of dragoons, and Bâville obtained considerable reinforcements from Toulon and Roussillon. Amongst them were a number of Irish refugee officers.

Whilst these preparations were being made for their destruction, the Camisards were employed in keeping their Christmas (1702) with great solemnity. Cavallier preached to his troops, and after the service they all communicated, except those whom the prophets were moved to set aside as unworthy. The prayers were not finished when the congregation was attacked by 600 militia and fifty mounted nobles. Posting himself on a small hill, Cavallier waited to be attacked. "We trembled," says he, "at our small numbers. The commandant of Alais came straight against us, but he did not act as a good general should, for he began the action with the cavalry instead of the infantry." The fire of the Camisards drove the horse over the foot, and the royal forces, after losing 100 men, fled in confusion to Alais, hastened by the musketry of their enemies, who sang as they followed them, "Kings with their armies did flee and were discomfited." Here the insurgents obtained a large supply of arms and ammunition, a mule loaded with cords intended to hang the prisoners, and a great number of uniforms which they used as disguises.

Their next expedition was directed against the little town of Sauve, about twenty miles from Nîmes, and at this time a fortified place. It was determined to surprise it, and 200 men were sent against it under the command of the Brigadier Catinat. They were dressed in the militia uniform, and their commander wore that of a colonel. They obtained admission, and were drawn up in the market-place. M. de Vibroc, one of the co-seigneurs of the town, invited the *soi-disant* colonel and two of his officers to dinner. The invitation was accepted, and Catinat, placing himself by Madame de Vibrac, who was young and handsome, addressed to her such gallantries as his education amongst

the studs and grooms of the Delta of the Rhone (where in his youth he had been a stable boy) led him to consider appropriate to the character he was sustaining. No doubt the expression of his admiration was far more emphatic than graceful. Madame de Vibrac was at first astonished, but soon horror-struck, at the thought that she was at table with three Camisard officers, and she and her husband listened with a ludicrous mixture of terror and confusion, to the loutish compliments of their guest. During the dessert a servant announced the approach of a body of troops to the gates of the town. Delighted at an opportunity of getting rid of her suspicious visitors, Madame de Vibrac begged them to go and see what was the matter, as the troops might be Camisards coming to surprise the place. "Ne craignez rien : 'j'y cours, Madame," said Catinat, and returned to the walls. On his appearance the guard asked if he expected any militia? He said that he did not. "There certainly are some soldiers coming." "They must be Camisards: let them come on, you shall see how I'll receive them." The cloud of dust advanced, Catinat drew up his 200 men in order of battle, and the people were admiring their supposed defenders, when they heard the sound of the sixty-eighth psalm raised by the advancing column, and at the same instant saw the muskets of the supposed militia levelled at them. In a few moments the town was in the hands of the insurgents.

The alarm caused by the surprises of Servas and Sauve was heightened almost to a panic by a victory gained by the Camisards over no less a person than the military commandant of the district, the Comte de Broglie. The action took place in the neighborhood of Nismes. During the absence of Cavallier from his troops on a visit to that place to buy powder, Catinat the taker of Sauve, and Ravel his inseparable companion, were left in command. Next to Roland and Cavallier, they were the most conspicuous of the insurgents. Ravel was "a carder of cloth, thirty-years old, thick-set, dark, with a bull-dog muzzle (*à moufle de bouledogue*.) He was an old soldier of the regiment of Rouergue and had his hide (*cuir*) scored with sabre cuts. He lived only on brandy, tobacco, fighting, and psalm-singing." Abdias Morel, nicknamed Catinat, from his admiration of the marshal

of that name, under whom he had served, was tall and athletic, with a fierce and sun-burnt face, "*doux avec cela comme un brebis*." He was as fierce in attack as Ravel was indomitable in retreat. It was on the 12th of January that the Camisards, under these commanders, were attacked by the Comte de Broglie near the Val de Bane. The Camisards received the royal troops with a fire so sharp that the militia and infantry were thrown into confusion; Poul, the captor of Seguiet, charged at the head of his men to restore them to confidence, but a young miller, called Samuelet, who had come to pray, and who remained to fight, brought him down with a stone from a sling. "Mount, captain, mount!" shouted the dragoons, but Catinat rushed on the dying man, killed him with a sabre cut on the head, mounted a Spanish horse, and armed himself with an Armenian sabre, for which his victim was noted, and charged the dragoons with a courage approaching to insanity, shouting as he went that they might eat their cock (*Poul*), now that he was plucked for them. The dragoons, panic-struck, followed the foot, and the royal forces entered Nismes in wild confusion, closely pressed by the Camisards, and spreading panic through the town, which contained a large number of Protestants. Cavallier mixed with the crowd collected on the esplanade, to gaze at the smoke and listen to the firing. He was not recognized, and next day took his departure on his mule, with a bag of powder at the croupe of his saddle, in the company of a body of troops, who were sent out to bring in De Broglie, from a village where he had taken refuge after his defeat. The soldiers remonstrated with their companion on his imprudence in travelling alone, in such a disturbed district. He answered that he never hurt the Camisards, and that he hoped they would not hurt him.

These successes warranted Roland in attempting to extend the theatre of his operations; he therefore determined to send Cavallier on an expedition to the Vivarais, the district which separates the Cevennes from the Rhone. It was full of Protestants, and lay between two rivers, the Rhone on the east, and the Ardèche on the west. Cavallier set out on his expedition with 800 men and 30 mules. The snow lay on the ground,



and the Ardèche was swelled with floods, which then as now baffled the science of engineers, and terrified the surrounding district. On the approach of the Camisards, the Comte de Roure, who guarded the fords and ferries of the Ardèche, at the head of the militia of the Bas Vivarais, eager to crush the rebels unassisted, was so unwise as to cross the river with a considerable part of his forces, in hopes of surprising the insurgents. His intention, however, was discovered; he fell into an ambuscade, and lost 500 men out of 560. Still Cavallier was unable to force the passage of the Ardèche, and returned to the scene of the action. Here he fell, in his turn, into an ambuscade laid for him by the Brigadier Julien, who arrived the day after the defeat of the Comte de Roure. The Camisards were dispersed, with the loss of 200 men. Catinat and Ravanel contrived to rally some of their forces, and to rejoin Roland, but Cavallier lost his way in the wood, and was tracked by his footsteps in the snow. At one time the soldiers walked over his head as he cowered under a hollow bank. At another he threw them off his trail by wading down a half-frozen stream. After incredible hardships he contrived to rejoin his commander.

The central government were by this time fully alive to the importance of the revolt. The command in Languedoc was given to the Marshal de Montrevel, and his troops were reinforced to the following amount. One marshal of France, 3 lieutenant-generals, 3 *maréchaux de camp*, 3 brigadiers, 3 regiments of dragoons, 25 battalions of foot, a regiment of marines, some Irish refugees, 600 Migueltets, 32 companies of fusiliers, and about 40,000 militia, in all 60,000 men well supplied with artillery. Roland and Cavallier had but 3000 men to oppose to these forces, but by breaking up their troops into small platoons, and by directing their operations against a vast number of isolated points, they so harassed and bewildered their antagonists, that Montrevel estimated their number at 20,000. The little town of Genouillac was taken by storm five times in four weeks, besides being sacked twice and burnt once. "A hundred persons, 30 churches, 140 houses, châteaux, portions of villages, or villages, disappeared as in a whirlwind." The platoons marched between the bodies of royal troops, and appeared on the fronts,

flank, and rear at the same time. On one occasion the rebels were brought to action, and suffered considerable loss in the valley of Pompignan; but, at another place, 400 of them cut their way through the midst of 4000 of the royal army, to a rising ground, where they kept their enemies at bay, until the night enabled them to disperse, and slip through their ranks unnoticed.

Tired of a war in which it seemed equally difficult to find the enemy, or to conquer him when found, Montrevel determined on a great effort. Three powerful columns of troops advanced towards a common centre from the north, the south-west, and the south-east. They chased Cavallier from the plain of Languedoc to the northern extremity of the Cevennes, and thence back again to the plain of Languedoc, without bringing him to action. At length he halted for the night with 1500 men at the Tour de Bellot near Alais, and at no great distance from the point from which he had commenced his retreat. The Tour de Bellot had formerly been a feudal manor; at this time it was a sheep-farm, in the midst of which stood the tower, then a pigeon house, from which it derived its name. The tower was surrounded by a court-yard, and the court-yard by a wall. After placing a guard of sixty men in the neighborhood, the Camisards to the number of about 1500 lay down to sleep in the barns, out-houses, and tower. The owner of the place (who bore the ill-omened name of Guignon—Badluck) was a spy of the Brigadier Planque, to whom he gave notice of Cavallier's arrival. Planque marched out of Alais with 400 men, whom he divided into two columns, one under his own command, the other under that of an officer named Tarnaud. He escaped the notice of the Camisard sentries until he was close upon them. The guard had just time to give the alarm, and to rush into the building. Cavallier and the other leaders sprang to their feet, and followed by about 400 men made a desperate charge on the head of the column commanded by Planque. Such was the fierceness of the attack that the Catholics retreated far enough to allow 400 more of the Camisards to issue from the buildings; but, after a fight "so fierce that heaven and earth seemed on fire," the insurgents were driven across a ravine, which was probably in former times the moat of the

château. In the mean time, Tarnaud's column was coming upon the scene of action, and Planque's column saw it advancing through the darkness, from the quarter in which Cavallier had retreated. In the confusion caused by a renewed attack of Cavallier's, Tarnaud's men were mistaken for disguised Camisards, and a furious attack upon them commenced. The whole was now confusion. The two Catholic columns and the Camisards were all mixed together, and each of the three bodies considered and treated the other two as enemies. In the mean time the Camisards who had not been able to leave the tower, kept up a furious fire on all alike, being directed in their aim by the flashes of the guns, the cries of the combatants, and the groans of the wounded. At last, either the dawn, or the rising of the moon, put an end to the confusion. The columns of Planque and Tarnaud recognized each other, and Cavallier was driven across the moat. Seeing that it was impossible to help those of his party who still remained in the tower, he effected his retreat in good order. The whole of the Catholic forces now directed their attack against the tower and its small garrison. By degrees the court-yard was won, but the Camisards in the tower fought till their ammunition was exhausted, and then kept off their opponents with stones. Planque contrived to set the buildings on fire with hand grenades, and the remaining Camisards were burnt alive, singing psalms to the last. They had fought from midnight till 8 A. M. Planque lost nearly 1200 men killed and wounded. The Camisards 411 killed, of whom 293 were killed or burnt in the farm, and 118 killed on the banks of the moat.

By some unknown means the spy Guignon was discovered and condemned to death. The Camisards under arms, and with the prophets at their head, knelt round him, praying for his soul. He begged to be allowed to embrace his two sons, who were present, and who had formed part of the troops which he had betrayed. They refused and disowned him. He was beheaded.

After this dearly bought success, the Marshal de Montrevel allowed nearly six months to pass without any serious undertaking. But though he did not take the field, he did not altogether neglect his duty.

On Palm Sunday, 1703, "200 or 300 wo-

men, children, and old men of Nismes, were praying at the house of a man named Mercier, near the gate of the Carmelites. Their psalms soon discovered their retreat to the lieutenant of police, who informed Montrevel. He was then at table, and was probably heated with wine. He rose in a fury, and invested the mill with a battalion. The soldiers broke open the door, and sword in hand rushed upon the terrified multitude, but the marshal, growing impatient at the slow operation of the sword, determined to have recourse to fire; thereupon the flames enveloped the house, from which deep groans arose. The poor wretches broke out of the burning mill, most of them wounded, bloody, blackened and gnawed (*rongés*) by the fire, and like shrieking spectres; but the soldiers pushed them back, at the point of the bayonet, into the furnace, in which they were consumed." One girl had been saved by one of the marshal's servants. She was hanged on the spot, and the servant would have been hanged also, but for the intercession of some sisters of mercy.

In the mean time Flechier was holding a service at the cathedral. Hearing the tumult and the musket-shots, the bishop and his congregation supposed that the Camisards were attacking Nismes. The service was interrupted, the doors barricaded, and "Flechier ne se trouva pas en état de parler à son troupeau;" whereupon the Abbé de Beaujeu, whom the bishop requested to supply his place, preached on the text, "Why are ye afraid, O ye of little faith?" When Flechier was told what was going on, the service was resumed.

Anxious to extend the benefit of this example, Montrevel issued an *ordonnance* ordering the inhabitants "*de courir sur aux Camisards*." This set in activity all the robbers and murderers of the province and furnished them with legal authority. For their better regulation, they were formed into three regiments called the Florentines or Camisards noirs, and put under the command of an old soldier named La Fayette, who had taken orders and retired to a hermitage. For the encouragement of these recruits a papal bull was obtained, which recited "that the accursed race of the ancient Albigenes had risen in arms against the church and their sovereign," and which, "in order to engage the faithful to exterminate the cursed race

of heretics and sinners, enemies in all ages of God and of Caesar," offered plenary absolution to all who should join the holy militia formed for the extermination of the said heretics and rebels and should be killed in the combat.

In addition to these resources, lists were made by the priests of all the suspected persons in their parishes; the men named in them were sent to the galleys, and the women and children to prison. This measure drove the able-bodied men into the ranks of the insurgents, and placed at their disposal all the resources which would have been required for the old and feeble.

When he considered that the time for more active operations had arrived, the marshal took counsel with Bâville and Julien. Julien was a very distinguished officer. He was a native of Orange, and by birth a Protestant, and had been a page to William III. He was now displaying all the hatred of a renegade against the adherents of his old faith. He was of opinion that the whole population was Camisard, the women more than the men, and the little children more than the women. That therefore the best plan would be to burn all the villages, and kill all the inhabitants. In this view he was supported by Montrevel and the Bishops. Bâville agreed to the destruction of the towns, but thought it advisable to allow the inhabitants to leave them: but the clergy, and Julien, supported their former opinion, calling the attention of Bâville to the fact that it would exhaust the troops to destroy nearly 500 villages in the winter-time, and that the nobles and clergy would take amiss the destruction of the *châteaux* and convents; that these objections did not apply to the proposed course of killing the population, which would be at once more expeditious and more popular. Bâville, however, overcame their opposition; his plans were adopted, and on the 14th September, 1703, a decree appeared, calling out all the militia of the Gévaudan, to destroy, and if necessary to burn, all the villages in the Hautes Cévennes, a district sixty miles long by about thirty broad; and appointing certain towns of refuge, to which the inhabitants were ordered to remove themselves.

Thus far neither the military genius of Cavallier, nor the foresight and constancy of Roland, had been able to invest the rebellion

with the character of civil war. Notwithstanding the resources which they had organized, and the victories which they had gained, they had not shown themselves equal to the task of giving a political direction to the revolt. A new ally now joined them, who seemed to be distinguished by the very qualities in which they were deficient. To the west of the Cévennes lies the Rouergue.\* It was surrounded on all sides by provinces full of Protestants or *nouveaux convertis*, and was altogether drained of troops and militia. The most conspicuous person in it was Antoine de Labourlie de Guiscard, the youngest son of the Marquis Labourlie de Guiscard, formerly undertutor of Louis XIV. His early life had not been creditable, and, both from personal and political feeling, he bitterly hated the king. Aware of the discontents which had been produced by excessive taxation, and the suppression of local privileges, he had watched the growth and progress of the revolt of the Cévennes, with the hope of making it the means by which he might effect a revolution. From his old feudal castle of Vareilles, near Rhodéz, he issued anonymous addresses to the Protestants, to the troops, and to the militia, pointing out to them the necessity for union between Protestants and Catholics, troops, militia, and insurgents, to put an end to the exorbitant taxation which was ruining the nation, to convolve a free meeting of the States General, and to crush the intolerance, which was oppressing alike the Protestants and the liberal Catholics. After denouncing the king as weak and superstitious, and the most ignorant of men, he concludes: "Our cause then is common, my dear brethren; we have one common oppressor. Let us cry Liberty! Liberty! Let us loudly demand free States General, such as they once were; and let our cruel Prince find himself abandoned by all his subjects at once." Besides circulating these writings, Labourlie, under pretence of fearing an attack from the Camisards, fortified his castle and collected arms. He also communicated with 500 persons, who engaged to join him at a given time and place, in order to take possession of

\* The original edition of the Memoirs of the Marquis de Guiscard, with some other curious matters relating to the war of the Cévennes, has been published in the 11th volume of the "Archives Curieuses de l'Histoire de France, par Cimeret et Danjou."

Rhodes and Milhau. They hoped to raise on the road the Protestants, the *nouveaux convertis*, and the Catholic malcontents, to join the Cevenols on the east, and to take possession of Montauban and Toulouse on the west. In short, Labourlie's plan was to give a political aspect to the insurrection, and to spread it over the whole of the South of France, from the Alps to the Ocean, resting, at both of the extreme points, on frontiers where the foreign powers, then allied against France, might assist him with supplies or by landing refugee regiments.

He had not as yet entered into direct communication with the Camisards for fear of compromising himself prematurely, but it is probable that Roland was aware of the fact that some movement in the Rouergue was in contemplation, and that he formed the determination, which during the winter he executed, of attempting, on the one side, to communicate with Admiral Shovel, then cruising in the Gulf of Lyons, and of sending forces, on the other, into the Rouergue.

Towards the end of September 1703, the different schemes of Roland, Labourlie, and Bâville were ready for execution. Julien and the Comte du Peyre marched into the Cevennes, at the head of an overwhelming force, and destroyed far and wide every town, village, and human habitation, except the appointed towns of refuge, in the midst of the rains and frosts of approaching winter. The Camisards, feeling that they could not cope with the masses of troops concentrated in the mountains, threw themselves on the plain, mad with rage, and drunk with enthusiasm. They entered the villages, shouting, "Kill! kill! fire and sword! Lord help us to slay the idolaters." The villages were burnt, the populations massacred, and, if we are to believe Elie Marion, Aiguevives took fire of itself, and consumed at their curses, as the captains of fifty and their fifties were consumed at the curse of Elijah. Through flaming villages, and churches whose God they defied to protect his people and his altars, Cavallier and his men pushed their way from the rugged hill-tops of the Cevennes, to the long line of dreary swamps which border the French shores of the Mediterranean. The Camisards were in great force, and had with them 300 horses of the Delta of the Rhone, which still retained marks of the Arab blood introduced amongst them

in the times of Languedocian independence. They hoped to communicate with the English fleet under Admiral Shovel, though they had no precise information as to its movements. Catinat had organized the cavalry, and Cavallier counted the hours which must elapse before the moment when he might load his horses with warlike stores, bring his convoy in safety to his strongholds, and, recruiting his army with as many men as he could equip, spread the insurrection through the Vivarais into Dauphiné, and through the Rouergue to the Pyrenees and the Atlantic ports. Admiral Shovel sent two ships, under Captain Harris, to within a short distance of Maguelonne, laden with the arms and money, which would enable the Camisards to try the experiment on which so much depended. As the short autumn evening closed in, the steeples and towers of Montpellier were crowded with anxious faces, turned towards the sea, and the heretic vessels which it bore. All night long the English look-outs swept with their glasses the long low line of sandbanks, which separates the tideless waters of the gulf from the dull lagoons which border them. And all night long the Camisard patrols, as they looked out to sea from the dikes and causeways along which they marched, wondered at the strange lights swinging from the English topmasts, which they supposed to belong to lighthouses or to fishing boats. The English found no one to meet them; and the Camisards, owing to the vagueness of their information, did not understand the signals. When morning dawned, Harris stood out to sea without landing his stores, and the Camisards withdrew, leaving Montrevel, who arrived in furious haste from Alais, to line the coast with troops, and to remove the whole population beyond the reach of corruption or of invasion. The vigilance of Bâville had averted this danger. He arrested the agents charged to acquaint the Camisards with the English signals. One of them kept his secret, and was broken on the wheel at Alais. The other confessed under the torture, and saved his life and his enemies by his weakness. The danger from the English was over, but the danger from the conspiracy of the Rouergue was still impending. It was averted by the savage stupidity of Catinat, who was sent to command the auxiliary forces, and by Roland's want of precise information as to Labourlie's plans. Catinat not only came



before Labourlie was ready, but, forgetting that his allies were mostly Catholics, he entered the towns with the cry of "*Mort aux prêtres!*" he cut down crucifixes, he burnt churches, and, as might have been expected, his follies were soon brought to an end by a defeat, in which he lost all his men, and from which he contrived to regain the Cevennes with a single companion.

Labourlie was less imprudent, but equally unfortunate. He had been so successful in his endeavors to make people believe that his preparations were directed against the Camisards, that the Lieutenant du Roi, the Comte de Pujol, having been warned of the existence of the conspiracy amongst the noblesse of the province, asked Labourlie himself to preside over a meeting which was convened to deliberate on the subject. The president with some rudeness called upon the Lieutenant du Roi's informant to explain himself. He did so with so much clearness that Labourlie perceived that he knew all the secrets of the conspiracy, except that he was not aware that the meeting which he was addressing was presided over by the head of it. Having discussed the measures which it would be necessary to take in order to frustrate the schemes of the man who presided over the discussion, the meeting separated, and Labourlie betook himself to England.

Henceforth the insurrection was confined within its own territories, and its defeat became a mere question of time. But its last were also its most formidable efforts. Cavallier wasted the whole plain of Languedoc with fire and sword, and after every new act of reprisals, offered up prayers, amidst the ruins of the villages which he burnt, that the king's heart might be turned from evil counsellors. This produced the recall of Julien from his devastation of the mountains to the defence of the plain, but as soon as he and part of his troops had evacuated the Cevennes, Roland and other Camisard chiefs attacked the troops who had been left, and Julien had to return more quickly than he had departed, abandoning the plain of Languedoc to Cavallier, who throughout the whole winter inflicted a series of humiliations upon the royal forces. The Marquis de Vergetot, with the regiment of Royal Comtois, and forty Irish officers, was defeated at the Mas des Horts. The Marquis

de Fimarçon, with the regiment of dragoons which bore his name, and a battalion of foot, was defeated at Nages. The Camisards were led to the charge by a prophetic eighteen years of age, who rushed to the assault armed with a dragoon sabre, and shouting, "Kill, kill! The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!"

The greatest of Cavallier's victories took place at Devois de Martignargues (*devia Martis aggera*). La Jonquière, with 500 or 600 marines, and some companies of dragoons, came upon the Protestants encamped behind a ravine. Cavallier's troop only was visible. He was posted across the road; Ravel and Catinet were in ambush on the wings. "Courage, my men," cried La Jonquière; "here are the fellows who have given us all this trouble;" and with his dragoons in front, and his grenadiers in flank, he marched to the attack, and fired a volley. By Cavallier's orders his men threw themselves on their faces. Thinking that he had caused a prodigious slaughter, La Jonquière advanced confidently, but the Camisards sprang to their feet uninjured, and in a few minutes a storm of musket balls filled the ravine with a mass of men and horses, wounded and dying. In the midst of the confusion the two wings appeared in the woods, and the dragoons, grenadiers, and marines were driven with a horrible slaughter over each other in the thickets in which they were entangled. The horse broke through the *mélée*, and some of them escaped, but the marines lost 450 men, after inflicting upon their adversaries a loss of 12 wounded. Amidst the mass of bodies, a knot of 33 officers, a colonel, and a major, still continued to resist. They indignantly refused quarter, and were killed to a man.

The Marquis de Lalande was nearly as unfortunate as La Jonquière. Roland laid wait for him on the banks of the Gardon. From three sides at once huge rocks rolled down on his men from the cliff, "and above the roar of the musketry, the clash of the stones, and the cries of the conquered, rose the psalmody of the conquerors redoubled by the echoes." They sang as usual the sixty-eighth psalm, "Let God arise and let his enemies be scattered."

In the mean time Julien completed his operations in the Cevennes. Four hundred and sixty villages were laid waste, and a

space of sixty miles in length by about thirty in breadth was filled with ruins, and deprived of all its inhabitants, except the few who could find refuge in caves and other hiding-places. But in the meantime the defeats of La Jonquière and Lalande had overthrown the credit of Montrevel, and he was recalled. He determined to show the insurgents "how he took leave of his friends." Hearing that they were much elated at his recall, and meditated some great stroke, he circulated false reports as to the road which he meant to take. The reports reached Cavalier, who placed himself in a position either to surprise the town of Montpellier, or else to intercept the marshal. Montrevel suddenly left the road on which he had been travelling, and contrived to place himself, with 1800 men, in the rear, and to the north, of the Camisard leader. Colonel Grandval was in front of him to the south, other forces under Menou cut off his retreat to the west, and Lalande with about 5000 men was stationed at Alais to intercept the fugitives. He was supported by the Camisards Noirs, or Catholic volunteers, under the Hermit La Fayette. Thus Cavalier was surrounded by three corps, amounting to upwards of 6000 men, whilst his line of retreat was intercepted by as many more. The insurgent forces against whom this army was drawn out amounted to no more than 1200. They were, however, the best appointed body which the Camisards had ever brought into the field. Three hundred were cavalry under the command of Catinat. Fifty, splendidly dressed in scarlet, acted as a body guard to Cavalier. Amongst these were several English, men "driven by that passion for adventures which devours their countrymen." Cavalier himself wore a magnificent uniform, and rode a horse which had belonged to La Jonquière, the colonel of the regiment of marines which he had exterminated. It was on the 15th April, 1704, that, after a long march, the troops lay down to rest near the mill of Langlade, about five miles from Nismes. Their repose was suddenly broken by the attack of Fimarçon's dragoons, but Catinat's cavalry had laid down with their arms passed through the bridle reins; they remounted, and chased the dragoons before them to the south. A regiment of foot, drawn up across the road, enabled the horse to rally, and forced Catinat, after a sharp

skirmish, to retreat. He retired before his antagonists for a whole hour until he re-joined Cavalier. As the dragoons and infantry approached, the Camisards fell on their knees, and, for almost the last time, sang the psalm of battle, "Let God arise and let his enemies be scattered." On a hillock, Daniel Gui the prophet and six prophetesses stood and prayed. As the enemy approached, they advanced towards them, crying, "Child of the devil, ground your arms" — but Grandval charged with the foot, and ordered the dragoons to close in on the wings. His horse was shot dead. His men fell in all directions; suddenly troops were seen, advancing on the left and on the rear of the Camisards. They were the troops of Montrevel. With a presence of mind, which Marshal Villars afterwards declared to have been "worthy of Cæsar," Cavalier ordered his men to wheel to the right, before the dragoons could surround them. Grandval charged with the bayonet, to stop his way, but none of them, says Cavalier, "came within a sword's length of us." Bursting through all obstacles, the Camisards crossed the ravine, and during their momentary respite, deliberated on the road to be taken. A countryman, who was either unlucky or treacherous, suggested the road to the west — to Nages. It was adopted, and the Camisards retreated for two miles, under the fire of a superior force, which they returned with great effect. In front of Nages the road was barred by Menou. They broke through his forces, and entered the town, but it was only to find new enemies; for the hills on the north, south, and west were occupied by fresh troops, whilst their pursuers were closing in from the east. It had been remarked by his followers, that Cavalier's head had been turned by his successes. Danger restored to him all his presence of mind. Taking off his splendid dress, he put on the clothes of a common soldier, and told his men, shortly and emphatically, that if they lost heart they would be taken, and broken on the wheel. That their only chance was "to charge over those fellows' bellies" (*de passer sur le ventre à ces gens là*), and that they must close up, and follow him. The men marched against their enemies with fixed bayonets, and the lines closed with a horrible shock. The soldiers stabbed and struck each other. Cavalier himself was

recogn  
mélés  
cut t  
a sin  
Cava  
such  
but t  
mids  
guar  
and  
hors  
acros  
got  
the p  
of t  
aid-  
tle  
prop  
he t  
brid  
shou  
abou  
ener  
ther  
Bey  
whe  
and  
Cam  
brid  
of  
thro  
géné  
lade  
dean  
at  
hea  
rev  
hor  
wh  
Eac  
aft  
age  
ger  
of  
Mo  
blo  
the  
bo  
tin  
wa  
su  
in  
th  
hi

recognized: a dragoon burst through the *mêlée*, and seized him. One of his guards cut the man's arm in half at the wrist, with a single blow. Another took his place: Cavallier shot him through the head. By such efforts the Camisards cleared the way; but behind the first line was a second, in the midst of which was a bridge over a brook, guarded by a squadron of dragoons. Catinat and Ravanel rallied the remains of the horse, and, charging the dragoons, swept across the bridge. In their retreat they forgot their leader, who was only rescued by the presence of mind of his brother — a child of ten years of age. The boy acted as his *aid-de-camp*, and rode by his side on a little pony, armed with pistols and a sword proportioned to his age. Seeing the danger, he threw himself and his horse across the bridge, presented a pistol at the men, and shouted: "Children of God, what are you about? Keep along the bank: charge the enemy: bring off my brother." Some of them returned, and rescued their leader. Beyond the bridge lay a water meadow, where the fight was continued. Every ditch and every tree formed a cover. At last the Camisards passed the marsh and a second bridge, and took refuge under the shadow of the night in the wood of Cannes. For three miles south from Langlade to Vergéze, and for three miles west from Langlade to Nages, the roads were strewn with dead bodies. At Langlade, at Nages, and at the bridge behind Nages, they lay in heaps. No prisoners were taken. Montrevel's only trophies were seventy-two horses, four sumpter mules, and five drums, which had belonged to La Jonquiére's corps. Each party lost about 500 men killed, but after six hours' fighting in the open field, against odds of nearly six to one, the insurgents effected their retreat through the midst of their enemies.

The great resources at the command of Montrevel enabled him to follow up this blow. Roland was defeated at Brenoux, on the day of the battle of Nages. Another body of insurgents was defeated at the same time at the Pont de Montvert, and Cavallier was overtaken in his retreat by Lalande, and suffered a second defeat at Euzet. This was in its consequences even more serious than the defeat at Nages; for, after the battle, his magazines and hospital were discovered

in a cave, in a neighboring forest. The soldiers knocked out the brains of the wounded men, Lalande burnt the village, killed the population, and re-entered Alais in triumph, with long rows of Camisards' ears spitted on the swords of his troops.

The recall of Montrevel coincided with the opening of the disastrous campaign of 1704. Marshal Villars would obviously have been the proper person to take the command of the army which was defeated at Blenheim; but his noisy ostentation had caused his great talents to be underrated, and his quarrel with the Elector of Bavaria had put him into a sort of semi-disgrace. The miscarriage of Montrevel afforded an escape from the alternative of not employing him at all, or giving him that appointment to which he was entitled. It was a happy thing for England, that Villars was not in the place of Tallard, for he was the very incarnation of the popular English notion of a Frenchman. Vain, noisy, and accustomed to act with as much courage and capacity as he usually attributed to himself in his conversation, he was one of the many people who refute the popular fallacy that every captain Bobadil is a coward. He knew that he was very able, and very brave, and was extremely fond of telling other people that such was the case. Louis XIV. apologized for giving him so obscure a command, by assuring him that to pacify the Cevennes would do more service than to win three pitched battles on the frontier.

Impressed, as he says, with a conviction that the cruelty of the authorities was one of the principal causes of the obstinacy of the insurrection, Villars came to his government, bent upon trying the effect of an opposite course of policy. In this resolution he was strongly confirmed by a Protestant noble, D'Aigalliers, who offered, on the part of himself and his fellow nobles, to negotiate if possible, to fight if necessary. Roland was overjoyed at the prospect of negotiation, hoping that he should gain time to reorganize his resources, for he had determined not to accept any other terms than the re-establishment of the Edict of Nantes. He accordingly deputed Cavallier to act as his plenipotentiary. Thus far nothing had occurred to diminish the brilliancy of his career. Whilst still a mere boy he had won battles, in spite of the superior numbers and

discipline of the troops opposed to him. His defeats had been even more creditable to him than his victories, for they had enabled him to display almost unparalleled presence of mind and variety of resource. He was now to be subjected to a different set of trials. He was, as he admits himself, entirely unfit for the office of ambassador. D'Aigalliers, and the brigadier Lalande, flattered his vanity by promising that he should have the command of a regiment of Protestants, to be formed from the insurgents, and that the Protestants should be tolerated, or at any rate allowed to emigrate. But it was insinuated he must accept these proposals as matter of favor, in order to spare the king the humiliation of treating with a subject; and he was persuaded to write a letter to Villars, confessing in the humblest terms the error of which he had been guilty in revolting at all, and placing himself at the marshal's disposal. He did not perceive that by writing such a letter, he put himself in the power of his correspondent, who could at any time ruin him in the eyes of his associates by producing it, and by disavowing the concessions in consideration of which it had been written, but which were not expressed in the letter itself, and that he might thus be reduced to accept whatever terms might be imposed upon him.\* Having obtained this letter, Villars admitted Cavallier to an interview with him at Nismes, to treat openly upon the conditions upon which the insurgents should submit. Thus he first made use of the point of honor as a means of extorting a written submission from his adversary, and then gave up the point of honor, in order to place him in a false position, and so reduce the insurgents to accept less favorable terms than they would otherwise have agreed to.

Cavallier entered Nismes with extraordinary pomp. "He wore a fawn-colored gold-laced *juste au corps*, scarlet waistcoat and breeches, an ample muslin cravat, a hat with a broad brim, and a white plume." He was attended by his body guard, who

\* This is M. Peyrat's version of the negotiation, compiled from the Memoirs of Villars and Cavallier, and from the contemporary historians. We are inclined to believe it to be accurate, as M. Peyrat has followed the plan of embodying all which is told by either party in one narrative. The account of Villars is so much compressed as to be likely to mislead, but that of Cavallier is positively disingenuous.

kept off the crowd, and, when he arrived at the place of conference, he drew them up opposite the marshal's guard, "affecting an entire equality in all respects." The conference took place in the garden of a convent, where the theatre now stands. It was conducted by Cavallier on one side, and Bâville and Villars on the other, and lasted two hours. Cavallier was reproached by Bâville for his insurrection. He answered sharply that Bâville's own cruelties were the cause of it. High words passed between them, but Villars interfered, telling Cavallier that it was with him that he was to treat. The conference between them ended by an agreement that Cavallier should put his demands into writing. The marshal was much struck by the young chief's appearance. "He was," says he, "only twenty-two" (he was only nineteen), "and looked eighteen. He was surprisingly firm and sensible." After the negotiation the negotiators continued some time in conversation upon the means by which the rebellion had been maintained: Cavallier's behavior was during the conference singularly characteristic of the boyish vanity which, in him, mixed with so much that was great. "Le jeune Camisard affectait coquettement d'offrir souvent du tabac, et de regarder l'heure pour montrer sa riche tabatière, sa montre d'or, et une bague ornée d'une superbe émeraude." Shortly afterwards Cavallier put his demands into writing, and sent them to Villars. They were reduced into the form of a treaty and signed by the Marshal and Bâville on one part, and Cavallier and Daniel Gui the prophet (called Daniel Billard), on the other part. The principal articles were, liberty of conscience, on condition that the Protestants should build no temples; the release of Protestant prisoners from the galleys; the return of the refugees; and the formation of a Camisard regiment of 2000 men, of which Cavallier was to be the colonel. Cautionary towns had been demanded, but were refused. Cavallier felt that without them he had no security for the performance of the conditions, but, compromised as he was by the letter which he had written to Villars, he signed, saying that he knew that he should be disavowed by Roland, and by his own followers.

This treaty is one of the most curious incidents in the history of the reign of Louis

XIV  
serv  
tatio  
misc  
had  
degr  
diti  
give  
neces  
ing.  
Nan  
was  
Prot  
ble  
the  
Cam  
grat  
for  
test  
mea  
lan  
ther  
V  
Rol  
ceiv  
nati  
long  
grat  
D'A  
nev  
plan  
doc  
exte  
shor  
V  
able  
exa  
for  
tion  
it t  
and  
aut  
put  
the  
"I  
Aft  
Rol  
had  
pre  
tre  
fus  
ma  
you  
not  
age  
I



XIV. The absence of all security for its observance was a fatal objection to its acceptance. The Camisards would have entirely misconceived the character of the king if they had supposed that such a treaty would in any degree curb his policy. They were not in a condition to receive, nor was he in a condition to give, the guarantees which would have been necessary to make such an agreement binding. The re-establishment of the Edict of Nantes by such hands, and at such a period, was a mere dream. The nation had rejected Protestantism too emphatically to be capable of any *bona fide* toleration of it. Under the circumstances, the best policy of the Camisards would probably have been emigration. The government could have wished for nothing better than to supply the Protestant population of the Cevennes with the means of seeking those asylums which Holland, Prussia, and England eagerly offered to them.

Whatever might be Cavallier's conduct, Roland was neither to be seduced nor deceived. He refused to think so badly of his nation as to admit the belief that it was no longer worthy of his devotion. When emigration was earnestly pressed upon him by D'Aigalliers, he declared that he would never emigrate; that Almighty God had planted him and his countrymen in Languedoc to dwell there, and that the king might exterminate them if he could, but that he should never expel them.

Villars thought that Cavallier would be able to induce his companions to follow his example, and assigned the town of Calvission for their quarters until the complete execution of the treaty. The Camisards entered it to the number of 700 men. Their prayers and psalms gave immense scandal to the authorities. They wished the marshal to put a stop to them, but he wisely followed the advice of the Archbishop of Narbonne, "Bouchons nous les oreilles et finissons." After about a week, the interview between Roland and Cavallier, upon which Villars had counted, took place. Cavallier tried to prevail on his commander to accept the treaty. He refused, accompanying his refusal with bitter reproaches. "You are mad: you forget that I am your commander; you ought to die of shame. I will have nothing to do with you. You are a vile agent of the marshal: tell him that I will

die sword in hand, or get the re-establishment of the Edict of Nantes." Cavallier returned to Nismes to inform the marshal of Roland's intractability. Villars bid him return to Calvission, and see whether he could not bring over his troop; but he found that Ravanel had taken his command in his absence, and he was received with violent reproaches. The Camisard drums beat, and the troops marched for the Cevennes; Cavallier watched them as they passed, trying to bend their resolution alternately by threats and entreaties. Some few turned back after him, but the rest followed Ravanel towards the mountains, brandishing their arms, and crying, "The sword of the Lord! the sword of the Lord!" Cavallier retired sadly to the cottage of one Lacombe, to whose daughter he was to have been married, and wrote soon afterwards to put himself at the disposition of the marshal. Roland in the meantime recruited his troops, and replenished his stores. He fought an action at Pont de Montvert, in which neither party gained much advantage. It was the last action of the war of the Cevennes, and took place just two years after the insurrection had commenced, by the murder of Du Chayla at the same place.

Some days afterwards, Roland, with eight others, were surprised by fifty dragoons, at the Château de Castelnau. They had just time to mount their horses, but were soon overtaken. Roland took his stand under an old olive tree, and shot dead three of his assailants, with three shots of his blunderbuss. He was just drawing the first of a row of pistols, which he carried, when he was himself shot through the heart. Three of his companions had already escaped. The other five threw themselves on his body and allowed themselves to be taken "like lambs." The dead body and the five prisoners were carried to Nismes; there throughout the whole of the 16th of August, the corpse, tied by the neck to a cart drawn by oxen, was dragged through the streets, amidst an immense crowd, amongst whom were Fléchier, and four other bishops. In the evening, the bishops assisted at the execution of the five prisoners, who, after having all their limbs broken in two places by the executioner, were left, stretched upon wheels, to die around the fire in which the body of their leader was consumed. The same day

was fought the battle of Blenheim. We may appreciate the importance of the Camisard insurrection if we consider what would have been the fate of that battle, if the army detained by Roland in the Cevennes had been under the orders of Marshal Villars on the Danube.

The desertion of the most able, and the death of the best, of their leaders completely disorganized the Camisards. The leaders made their own terms, and one after another emigrated into Switzerland, accompanied by larger or smaller parties of their followers. Ravel alone swore solemnly that he would never leave Languedoc. He kept his oath. The others "descended from their mountains, and appeared before Villars, Bâville, the Bishops, and the furious populace of Nîmes, bold, haughty, and indifferent." With all his pride, Villars could not but sympathize with their magnanimity and vigor. Fléchier saw in them nothing but "gueux, gens grossiers, malfaits et féroces."

So ended the war of the Cevennes. If Cavallier had had as much constancy as his commander, it might, in the events which happened, have ended very differently. At the crisis which succeeded to the battle of Blenheim, even a small additional impetus might have produced extraordinary results. If the Camisards had held out a few months longer they would have thrown open the whole of the south of France from the Rhone to the Atlantic to a foreign invasion. Cavallier had been led to throw away a great opportunity by vanity and despondency. His vanity was gratified. Villars sent for him to Nîmes, and presented him to his wife, who told him that she was very glad to see him there, as she should not have wished to fall in with him elsewhere. Sentinels were posted at the door of his lodgings, who served at once as a restraint on his freedom and as a guard of honor. It was necessary to clear the way when he walked out, and crowds collected to listen in the streets when he and his Camisards sang psalms. As he was unable to fulfil his engagement to form a Camisard regiment, he could not, according to the terms of the treaty, be sent to serve in Spain. The king therefore gave orders that he should be sent with his men to Macon, in Burgundy, there to wait for further directions.

In his memoirs, published more than

twenty years afterwards, Cavallier gives a curiously naïve account of his journey. At Valence the bishop invited him to dinner, and asked him which of the Catholic dogmas were repugnant to his reason. Cavallier referred to transubstantiation, purgatory, &c.; whereupon the bishop quoted Ambrose and Jerome, and his opponent texts of Scripture, until the argument was concluded by the bishop's drinking to his guest's health and conversion. "At Lyons," says the memoirs, "we stayed a day, which gave me time to visit the famous castle of Pierre Enceise, the beautiful church of St. John, and the celebrated clock, which is one of the wonders of the world. From Macon, Cavallier wrote to Chammillard, the minister of war, that he had important revelations to make to the king. He was accordingly sent for to Versailles." Although orders had been given to keep his journey a secret, it became known at Paris that he was in the town, and in the words of St. Simon, "le peuple était si avide de voir ce rebelle, que c'était scandaleux." He was at last introduced to the king, who asked what he had to tell him. Cavallier answered by describing the persecutions which had caused the revolt, contrary, as he declared, to the royal orders and intentions. He said that, if the promises made by Villars were kept, the Protestants would willingly serve in the army. At the reference to Villars' treaty Louis angrily forbade all mention of it. He then charged the Camisards with burning churches, killing priests, &c. Cavallier pleaded that what they had done was by way of reprisals, and referred in particular to the burning of the mill at Nîmes. The king said he had never heard of that, and asked the minister what it meant. He replied that "it was only some set of vagabonds whom M. de Montrevel had punished." The interviews ended by Cavallier's refusing to become a Catholic, on which he was dismissed with an admonition to behave better for the future.

Lavallé, a sort of king's messenger, showed the young general over Versailles. It being, says Cavallier, the day on which the Duchess of Burgundy first received company after the birth of the Duke of Brittany, "all the waterworks were set a-going, and the court in the utmost magnificence. I was astonished at the beauty of the place, which, after the woods and mountains I had been used to,

seemed like an enchanted palace." From Versailles Cavallier returned to his men at Macon, whence they were ordered to march to Brissac near Colmar; but as he received warning that the king intended to immure him by a *lettre de cachet*, he found means to make his escape across the frontier into Switzerland, whence he crossed the Alps, and took service with the army of Prince Eugene in the north of Italy.

The interest of Cavallier's life ends where that of most men begins. He was not twenty when he left Languedoc, yet little remains to be told of his fortunes. He united the most romantic of careers with the least romantic of characters. Hard, keen, perfect master of himself and his resources, he went through one of the most marvellous series of adventure upon record, without, as far as we can tell, testifying, or even feeling, any kind of emotion whatever. Nothing could display his character in this particular more strongly than his behavior to the Camisard prophets.

In the beginning of the year 1708, Cavallier, then in Spain, whither he had gone in command of a regiment formed of refugees, was appealed to in a controversy, in which his name occupied the most prominent place. Amongst the persons who took shelter in England after the revolt of the Cevennes, were three men, named Durand Fage, Elie Marion, and Cavallier of Sauve. The last, by his own account, a cousin of Jean Cavallier. They began to spread abroad the most extraordinary stories as to the war of the Cevennes, and the miracles and prophecies of which it had been the occasion. According to their account, the leaders had either been themselves inspired in all that they had done, or had acted by the advice of inspired prophets, who told them when to march, when to refrain from marching, where to place sentinels, where to leave the camp unguarded, who were to be killed, who to escape, and who to be taken prisoners, in approaching actions. In these scenes Jean Cavallier had, it was asserted, borne a leading part. He had conducted worship, he had prophesied, he had received revelations, he had presided when miracles were publicly performed. In their retreats in London the Camisards attempted to renew the fanaticism which had been so powerful, and to re-enact the miracles which had been so frequent, in

the Cevennes. For a considerable time they succeeded in attracting that kind of attention which usually rewards impostors. At last they, and one of their English disciples, John Lacy by name, published simultaneously the French account of the miracles of the Cevennes, entitled the "*Théâtre Sacré*," and its English edition, the "*Cry from the Desert*." This book consists of a string of wild stories of miracles, supposed to have been performed in the course of the insurrection by various historical persons. In itself it would have seemed to most English readers simply contemptible, but it is referred to by M. Peyrat and M. Martin as a valid historical document, and it is, as might have been expected, M. Eugene Sue's *cheval de bataille*. M. Peyrat quotes it on all occasions, speaking with mysterious reverence of "*l'extase*," and of the abnormal and transcendental energies which the soul displays under its influence. We do not, however, altogether reject the evidence of the "*Theatre Sacré*." It agrees far too closely with the admissions of the Catholic authorities, with those of Cavallier himself, and with the recorded symptoms of other persons under a similar influence, such as the *convulsionnaires* thirty years later, and the somnambulists of our own day, to be entirely discarded.

In one of his declarations which we have already quoted, Cavallier goes on to say: "The many other surprising things which passed were only the pure zeal which these poor people had when they saw their holy religion, which they supposed to have been extinguished, born again. I say surprising because persons who, without injustice to them, might be called idiots, prayed in a manner which could not be believed by those who did not see them." "*J'ai vu*," says Marshal Villars, "*dans ce genre des choses que je n'aurais jamais crues, si elles ne s'étaient passées sous mes yeux — une ville entière, dont toutes les femmes et les filles paraissaient possédées par le diable. Elles tremblaient, et prophétisaient publiquement dans les rues. Je fis arrêter vingt des plus méchantes, dont une eu la hardiesse de prophétiser durant une heure devant moi. Je la fis prendre pour l'exemple, and renfermer les autres dans les hôpitaux.*" He also says, "*Jusque dans les prisons ils retournaient à leur fanatisme quand ils croyaient n'être*

vas." The testimony of Brueys \* (the famous comic author, converted by Bossuet from Protestantism) is somewhat similar. He was employed to investigate the subject on the first outbreak of fanaticism in Dauphiny. Though he asserts that the phenomena originated in the merest fraud, he distinctly admits that many of the prophets believed themselves to be inspired. Under these circumstances the evidence of the "Théâtre Sacré" may be admitted as to the habits and ways of thinking and speaking prevalent amongst the Camisards.

Nothing sets the shrewd, somewhat sceptical character of Cavallier in a clearer light, than his energetic disclaimer of any kind of supernatural power or agency. After passing through the midst of an indescribable outbreak of fanaticism, he retained a degree of coolness upon that as upon other subjects altogether extraordinary. The only passage in his memoirs which relates to this subject is very creditable to him. It shows that his keen sense, unassisted by any theological knowledge or speculation, had led him to the very conclusion to which most persons in our own time seem to have arrived upon the question of such miracles. "We owed our success," he writes, "to Divine Providence, who orders all things, and sustained us in our greatest calamities, working continual miracles in our favor; and amongst the rest it is very remarkable that sometimes we perceived our enemies so disheartened that they could not resist us, though four to one in number. This I can say, that it was not by our valor that we overcame them, although their troops were all disciplined, and we but militia without order, but there was this difference between us, that we fought for the truth and our liberties, and they for a tyrant who had violated both human and divine laws against his faithful subjects." The miracle which most deeply impressed Cavallier was not any mere portent or prodigy, but the power which he believed to be given by God to truth and justice of enabling the weak to overcome the strong. It would have been well for himself and his followers if his other language and conduct had never belied this belief. Men who thought and wrote thus were no fanatics. Their language may have

\* His report upon the matter is published in the 11th vol. of the "Archives Curieuses sur l'Histoire de France, par Cimber et Danjou."

been ignorant and wild, but their conduct showed that what they understood by Divine Providence ordering all things was neither fanatical nor unintelligible.

From the period of the controversy with Marian and Fage, our notices of Cavallier are only occasional. He was employed on several occasions, with more or less distinction, under the Allies. His most remarkable exploit was at the battle of Almanza, where his regiment and one of the French regiments under Marshal Berwick, recognizing each other, closed without firing and fought hand to hand with such desperate fury, that out of more than 1500 men of whom the two regiments were composed, less than 300 escaped. He was also sent on several expeditions which were intended to revive the insurrection of the Cevennes. All of them failed after more or less bloodshed. The most important took place about a year after the death of Roland. A plot had been made, in which Ravel and Catinat were the principal conspirators. They meant to put to death Bâville, to seize the other authorities, to raise a force of 10,000 men, to take possession of Montpellier and other towns on the Gulf of Lyons, and to give them up to the English. The conspiracy was discovered just in time to prevent its explosion, and the leaders in it were burnt alive, as it was thought that that "would take longer" than quartering them by horses, which had been originally intended. The pile, which was erected over night, was damped by the rain, and was composed of green wood; owing also to the favorable direction of the wind, Catinat lived a long time, and suffered greatly. The execution of Ravel was not so successful; he died quickly, and Bâville prevented the judges from tearing out his tongue with hot pincers.

Labourie was concerned in this conspiracy. His fate is well known. Being detected in double treason to Queen Anne and Louis XIV., he stabbed Harley Lord Oxford with a penknife at the Council Board in Whitehall, and was himself mortally wounded by the other Privy councillors.

After the peace Cavallier continued to live in England; he married Madle. Dunoyer of Nismes, and became by marriage, says M. Peyrat, "great grandson of the famous Calvinist professor Samuel Petit, nephew of the fathers Colin and Lachaise the



confessors of Henry IV. and Louis XIV., and almost the brother-in-law of Voltaire." In 1726 he published the memoirs from which we have quoted so largely. They are severely criticized by M. Peyrat, who says that they are written as if the events he had passed through had seemed like a dream to him. It is true that the arrangement of the book is very bad, but the story is so intricate, and so broken up by petty details, as to require more education than Cavallier possessed to make it even intelligible. Some parts of it are shown by M. Peyrat's researches to be positively disingenuous. Such are his accounts of the negotiation with Villars, and the description of the organization of the commissariat, and other resources of the insurgents, of which he takes the whole credit to himself, to the entire exclusion of Roland. The style is very characteristic in its shrewdness and energy, and in the curiously self-satisfied manner in which the story is told. He died in 1740. In the report sent by Marshal Villars to the French ministry upon the insurrection he is thus described:

"He is a peasant of the lowest class; he is not twenty, and looks only eighteen; he is short and not striking in his appearance, qualities necessary for the people, but he has surprising firmness and good sense. It is certain that, to keep his men under command, he often punished them capitally. I said to him yesterday, 'Is it possible that, at your age, and without a long habit of command, you found no difficulty in frequently executing your own men?' — 'No, sir,' said he, 'when it seemed to me just.' — 'But of whom did you make use to inflict the punishment?' — 'Any one to whom I gave the order. Nobody ever hesitated to obey my commands.' I think you will be surprised at this. He has made also many arrangements for his subsistence, and draws up his forces for action as well as well-educated officers could. I shall be fortunate if I can detach such a man from them."

Villars was not the only person who bore witness to Cavallier's genius. "I confess," says Malesherbes,\* "that this warrior who, never having served, found himself a great general by the gift of nature alone; this Camisard, who on one occasion dared to punish crime, in the presence of a ferocious troop, which subsisted only by means of similar crimes; this rude peasant, who, admitted

into good society at the age of twenty, assumed its manners, and gained its love and esteem; this man, who, accustomed to a life of excitement, might have been naturally intoxicated by his success, and yet had enough philosophy to enjoy, for thirty-five years, a tranquil private life, — appears to me one of the rarest characters transmitted to us by history."

The remarks of Villars are the result of his personal observation, and as such are curious, and probably just, but we cannot agree with the panegyric of Malesherbes. Cavallier's reputation rests entirely on a single exploit achieved in very early youth. Most other persons of whom the same could be said died whilst their reputation was still fresh, and before it had been tested by their subsequent career. Such was the case with Gaston de Foix, Joan of Arc, and Chatterton. Cavallier lived to be upwards of fifty years of age, and passed the last thirty years of his life in almost unbroken obscurity. It is true that circumstances did not favor his subsequent rise, as they had favored his early distinction. He was a man of low birth, of few connections, a refugee, and a soldier of fortune, in an age eminently aristocratic. It may seem strange at first sight that these circumstances should have overpowered the energies of one who had overcome difficulties so much more formidable. The qualities, however, which he displayed in his youth were remarkable rather for their intensity than for their rarity. The problems which a general, especially a guerrilla chief, has to solve, are not usually above the capacity of very ordinary minds. The circumstances under which they are to be solved make the real difficulty of the solution. If all the facts which were before Wellington at Salamanca were laid before any ordinary person, and if he had ample time to consider the question, he might very possibly arrive at Wellington's conclusions; but not one man in a million would have arrived at them in a moment, in the midst of killed and wounded, under the fire of two armies, and oppressed by the consciousness of all the importance of the decision. It is like a sum, which any one can work out on paper, but hardly any one in his head. The coolness, self-possession, and decision necessary for such a purpose are often found in connection with the highest intellectual

\* Quoted in the *Biographie Universelle*, art. *Cavallier*.

capacity, but they by no means imply it. They are quite consistent with a narrow understanding, great ignorance, and the absence, not only of ambition, but of capacity for high and generous aims in life.

It is clear from his memoirs, if indeed he is responsible for more than their form, that Cavallier never supplied the deficiencies of his education. It is probable that he remained to the end of his life what the revolt of the Cevennes left him, a keen, ready-witted, not over-scrupulous soldier of fortune. His character is not one to be loved. It does not even command admiration by extraordinary power. It affords an almost unique example of the precocious development of some elements of greatness. At nineteen Cavallier possessed a greater power of command, and more of the knowledge of human nature which that power implies, than most men acquire in a lifetime of authority. The war of La Vendée, in many respects analogous to that of the Cevennes, affords no parallel to his career. Larochejaquelin and Lescure were supported by the feudal reverence of the peasantry, and the superiority of their education. The Camisards had no gentry to head them. They were men of a fiercer and more intractable temper than the Vendéans, and yet they obeyed their leaders so devotedly, that with far smaller forces, and opposed to much more disciplined enemies, they supported the war for a longer time, and brought it to a more favorable issue. Cavallier, in common with the other Camisards, was charged by the Catholics with cruelty. And, so far as the most bloody reprisals against person and property will justify the charge, it is no doubt true. But the government was quite as cruel as the rebels, and in one respect more cruel, for they tortured their prisoners, which the Camisards did not. It is to be remembered, however, that at this time, and long after, burning, breaking on the wheel, and quartering were recognized modes of execution in France; and that the application of torture, for purposes of evidence, was universal. Indeed, in capital causes, it was in some degree favorable to the prisoner, as it gave a man possessed of sufficient fortitude an additional chance of saving his life.

In some respects the Camisard discipline was very strict. Murder, robbing, and pillage were punished with death. Madame de Miramand, a Catholic lady well known for her charities, having been murdered by persons calling themselves Camisards, the neighboring villages sent to Cavallier to justify themselves from participation in the crime. He sent out a party to arrest the murderers, who seem however to have expected to be rewarded. Four men were brought to him, of whom three were found guilty, and one acquitted. The three who were found guilty were shot, and their bodies were exposed on the road with a notification of the reason. Cavallier says that he would have punished them far more severely if he had had a single one of Baviile's army of executioners.

Cavallier's career is more interesting than his character; but the important position which he held in the revolt of the Cevennes is a landmark in the history of French Protestantism. In the beginning of the eighteenth century the traditions of the great Huguenot wars were not extinct. The tradition of the effective administration of the Edict of Nantes was still fresh. Men remembered the time when the Huguenots had been the most important party in the State, and yet, in the last struggle of that party for existence, it could find no better champions than a baker's apprentice and a vine-dresser. The proximate cause of the failure of the revolt was the desertion of Protestantism by the aristocracy. In devotion to their principles, in military talent, in courage, the Camisards might bear a comparison with any of their predecessors in the history of their religion. The foundations of a great party were there, but none of the materials for the superstructure. Their success, and their failure, are amongst the most remarkable of all illustrations of the strength and weakness of fanaticism. The question why the aristocracy deserted Protestantism would lead us far from our present subject. The causes lie deep in the character of the nation, and are, in all probability, only a part of the generic differences by which one type of character is distinguished from another.

## O! HAD I THE WINGS OF A BIRD.

O! HAD I the wings of a bird,  
 To soar through the blue sunny sky,  
 By what breeze would my pinions be stirred?  
 To what beautiful land would I fly?  
 Would the gorgeous East allure,  
 With the light of its golden eves,  
 Where the tall green palm over isles of balm  
 Waves with its feathery leaves?  
 Ah no! no! no!  
 I heed not its tempting glare;  
 In vain would I roam from my island home,  
 For skies more fair!

Would I seek a southern sea,  
 Italia's shore beside,  
 Where the clustering grape from tree to tree  
 Hangs in its rosy pride?  
 My truant heart, be still,  
 For I long have sighed to stray  
 Through the myrtle flowers of fair Italy's bowers,  
 By the shores of its southern bay.  
 But no! no! no!  
 Though bright be its sparkling seas,  
 I never would roam from my island home  
 For charms like these!

Would I seek that land so bright,  
 Where the Spanish maiden roves,  
 With a heart of love and an eye of light,  
 Through her native citron groves?  
 O! sweet would it be to rest,  
 In the midst of the olive vales  
 Where the orange blooms and the rose perfumes  
 The breath of the balmy gales.  
 But no! no! no!  
 Though sweet be its wooing air;  
 I never would roam from my island home  
 To scenes, though fair!

Would I pass from pole to pole?  
 Would I seek the western skies,  
 Where the giant rivers roll,  
 And the mighty mountains rise?  
 Or those treacherous isles that lie  
 In the midst of the sunny deeps,  
 Where the cocoa stands in the glistening sands,  
 And the dread tornado sweeps?  
 Ah no! no! no!  
 They have no charms for me;  
 I never would roam from my island home,  
 Though poor it be!

Poor — O! 't is rich in all  
 That flows from Nature's hand;  
 Rich in the emerald wall  
 That guards its emerald land!  
 Are Italy's fields more green?  
 Do they teem with a richer store  
 Than the bright green breast of the Isle of the  
 West,  
 And its wild luxuriant shore?  
 Ah no! no! no!  
 Upon it Heaven doth smile.  
 O, I never would roam from my native home,  
 My own dear Isle!

## FLOWERS.

THEY spring unnoticed and unknown,  
 Mid rocky wilds they bloom,  
 They flourish mid the desert lone,  
 They deck the silent tomb.  
 They cheer the peasant's lowly cot,  
 Adorn the monarch's hall,  
 They fill each quiet, shady spot —  
 O, who can tell them all?

Some o'er the murm'ring streamlet fling  
 Their blossoms bright and fair,  
 And there, in vernal beauty, spring,  
 Fanned by the fragrant air.  
 Some 'neath the ocean's rolling waves  
 In silent grandeur grow,  
 Nor heed the storm which o'er them raves,  
 But still in beauty bow.

Some, where the eagle builds her nest,  
 Where man has never trod,  
 Where even the chamois dare not rest  
 Upon the crumbling sod —  
 Yes, there, e'en there, wild flow'rets grow,  
 In richest dress arrayed,  
 And o'er the clamorous eaglets throw  
 Their light and graceful shade.

Mid mountains of perpetual snow,  
 By icy girdles bound,  
 Some, rendered doubly beauteous, glow,  
 And deck the frozen ground.  
 And mid cold winter's angry storm,  
 The snow-drop rears its head,  
 And shows its pure, unspotted form  
 When other flowers have fled.

Some on the breezes of the night  
 Their grateful odors send;  
 While others, children of the light,  
 To-day their perfume lend.  
 Some bloom beneath the torrid zone,  
 'Neath India's sultry skies;  
 Mid Iceland's mountains, chill and lone,  
 The forms of others rise.

The stately fern, the golden broom,  
 The lily, tall and fair —  
 All these in rich succession bloom,  
 And scent the summer air.  
 In secret dell, by murm'ring rill —  
 In gardens bright and gay —  
 Within the valley — on the hill —  
 Flowers cheer our toilsome way!

Flowers image forth the boundless love  
 God bears his children all,  
 Which ever droppeth from above  
 Upon the great and small:  
 Each blossom that adorns our path,  
 So joyful and so fair,  
 Is but a drop of love divine,  
 That fell and flourished there.

—Chambers' Journal.

From Household Words.

### TWO HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.

"If I were to tell you all, sir, they cannot drag me from my death-bed here and hang me, can they? . . . . Besides, I am innocent. . . . But what does that matter? More innocent men than I have been hung for less crimes than murder before this. I will not tell you."

"Murder?" said I, with unfeigned astonishment. "Murder, Charlton?" For this man I was attending in my capacity as house-surgeon of the Henborough workhouse. I had known him for years, and of all my present patients he had seemed the simplest and least violent; his anxious eyes—which closed so lightly even in sleep—his averted looks when spoken to, his nervous timidity at the sight of any strange face, I had set down as the outward signs of a broken spirit and a waning brain; for he had had enough of sorrows to shake a stronger mind than his. I could remember him with wife and children about him, in a respectable, if not an extensive, way of business; and why it suddenly fell off and was given up, and what misfortune had changed the couple who had been before so blithe, I had often wondered. Their son, Robert, was now in the Crimea, a sergeant; their daughter, Clara, a milliner's apprentice in the north; Mrs. Charlton had died a few months after the failure of their trade, of a lingering and somewhat strange disease; her husband was indeed, as he had said, upon his death-bed. I had offered to send for Clara at my own charge, but he would not hear of it.

"I would not have a soul at my bedside, save you, doctor, for worlds," he said.

He was quite friendless, too. His chamber was common to five other workhouse folk, but it was a July day, and they were sunning themselves in the paved court outside; the noonday beams which poured into the long bare room found nothing fair to rest upon; no print upon the whitewashed wall, no commonest wild-flower in any of the few drab-colored mugs that strewed the table; no sign of comfort anywhere. The sick man lay upon his little iron bed, and I was sitting upon the wooden stool beside it; his hand lay upon mine, and his face was turned towards the door, listening. I rose, and locked it; and it was then that he

began, as I have said, to speak of murder, and his innocence—to ask if it would be dangerous to confess all. I said, "No; nothing can harm you now. What you say to me is a secret as long as you shall live; you may speak as if I was the clergyman"—whom he had refused for some reason, I knew not what, to see. "If it will ease your mind to tell me anything, say on."

"You have known me, doctor, this twenty years, and you will easily believe me when I say that I no more expected to become dependent on the parish and to die in this workhouse, than I dreamt of the possibility of my committing—any very terrible crime. I was young to the world then, and foolish; and my wife was not older or wiser. We were not strong-minded folk—nor, alas! even straightforward; through a plausible story of dear times coming—which may yet have been partly true—we sold many a pound of butter and ounce of tea; and if it was not always a pound nor always an ounce, it was never over the just weight, but under. Spirits, also—there being no public house close by—which we of course had no license to sell, we would let our best customers purchase, and drink in our back parlor, which appeared in their weekly bills under the head of candles or what not; so that, speaking before our own children, we had to fabricate strange stories, and give things their wrong names; and many other devices we had, which, though they got us little gains, seemed not much, on the whole, to benefit us. I have purposely told you the worst of us, because it will explain our future conduct the more easily; but you must not suppose that we were thieves, or very wicked people; we scarcely knew what wrong we were doing to others, and far less to ourselves; and I don't think in other respects we were a bad pair. I know Sarah loved me, and I her and our two children, dearly. Our shop, as you remember, was between Henborough and Swaffham, which were then quite separate towns, with straggling houses and long lines of railing to connect them. Our house was the farthest of the last row, not detached." Here the sick man raised himself on his hands, and whispered: "Are you sure there's nobody at the keyhole?—nobody at any crack or cranny, nor at the skylight?"

I assured him there was not; and then



the wretched creature pulled out from a sort of opossum pocket in his very skin, and under his flannel vest, a thin piece of paper, folded; keeping it carefully beneath the bed-clothes, so as to prevent its being visible from without, he opened it, and I read these printed words:

"TWO HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.

"The above will be given to any person not actually concerned in the crime, who shall give such information as shall lead to the discovery of the murderer or murderers of John Spigat, in the Swaffham Road, Henborough, on the night of December the thirty-first, eighteen hundred and thirty-five."

"Why, you, Charlton, were one of the jurymen, if I remember right, who were upon the inquest in that matter?" I said.

"I was, doctor; and are you sure there's nobody under the bed, or in the cupboard, or behind the chimney-board?—and his murderer, also!"

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "Why, what a hypocritical ruffian you must have been!"

"Doctor, good doctor, have mercy upon me: don't tell, don't tell! and don't think so hardly of me until you have heard me out; I am not so bad as I seem."

"It was on a New Year's Eve; near twenty years ago, and very late at night,—close upon twelve,—when I had put up my last shutter, and was going to lock the door of my shop, that a stranger called. He had come from the Swaffham end of the road, and I had never seen him before in all my life; he could hardly speak at all, he was so awfully drunk. Red in face, thick in speech, and trembling all over like a leaf; he said he must have more rum. I told him that we only had ginger-beer and such like drinks; and, besides, that it was too late at that time of night to sell people anything. He swore horribly at this, said that my wife (who was still behind the counter in the shop), and I, were both liars: that we had sold rum often enough to other folks, he knew very well. He managed to stagger up the stone steps and push in at the door. He should get into the back parlor, and sleep there all night, he said. I took him by the collar, intending to set him outside the door, but he was a tall and stout-made man, and I could not—he struggled with me in a dull heavy manner. I had hard matter to thrust

him from the parlor. I did do so, and pushed him violently, and he fell on the floor at full length, like a log; he never groaned after he had touched the floor, but lay silent and motionless.

"My wife cried, 'What have you done, George? You've killed the man.'

"'Nonsense,' I said; but when we tried to raise him, and saw the glassy look of his eyes, I knew it was true. A hundred horrible thoughts would have crowded into my mind at once, but that, swifter than they, devices for getting the corpse away and removing suspicion from ourselves had already filled it; the simple honest plan of telling the truth, and calling in the police, at once, never so much as suggested itself. What if a neighbor should step in, as this poor murdered man had done, and find him lying there? If one of the children even should be awakened by the noise, and come down into the shop? If the watchman himself, seeing our door yet open at that time of night, should call? There was ~~not~~ a moment to lose; I took the dead man by the head, and my wife, all in a tremble, managed to raise his legs, and, shutting the door carefully after us, we bore our dreadful burden about fifty yards along the Swaffham Road; we tried to set it against the railings which ran along both sides of what is now Macartney Street, but the inanimate thing slipped down again each time in a mere heap. It was surprising how anxious we were to prop it up, and, although every instant was precious to us, we spent some five minutes in doing so,—it seemed inhuman, some how, to leave it on the pavement. In a sort of desperate terror at last, I twined the arms about the bars, and we fled back in silence. Nothing was stirring. We heard the tread of the watchman outside our closed door, and his 'Past twelve o'clock!' die away in the distance, but we had put out the lights, and felt certain he had observed nothing unusual—nothing of ours—O horror!—dropped in the road, while we had gone about our terrible task. One of the children, Clara, began to cry out, 'Where have you been, mother?' She had heard us, then, leave the house.

"'I only helped your father to put up the shutters, child,' she answered, and the girl was quieted by the ready lie.

"We went to bed immediately, but not to

sleep; our ears were on the stretch for the moment when the cry should arise, and we should know the body was found. One o'clock, two, three, four: the time crept on with painful slowness, and the hours and quarters seemed to prolong their iron voice horribly. And now the dawn was breaking, and there was light enough for a chance traveller to see the corpse. We saw it all night long, as we were to see it for years and as I see it now. Five, six: it was time for us to get up and open the shop, lest suspicion should arise that way, and we did so. There was a turn in the Swaffham Road beyond our house, and it was farther than that; and yet I dared not look in that direction as I undid the shutters.

"'Watch, watch! Help, help!' Then they have found him at last; and the street fills with a hurrying crowd; and I run with them, among the first. But my wife, she is faint with terror, and dares not move, telling the children who have heard the cries, that it is nothing.

"It leans against the railing where we set it; but its right hand—yes, by heaven, it points to me! Nobody saw my face, they were all so horror-struck with the dreadful thing, or I should have been carried off to prison at once, without any further proof, I know. As they were about to take it down, Doctor Scott (your predecessor at the union, sir), who was in the crowd, cried 'Stop!' and called attention to the position of the arms: 'I do not think—bear witness all of you—that any fit or strong convulsion whatsoever, could have thus twisted them.' And I bore witness loudly with the rest. I was, as you have said, sir, upon the jury. I thought it best, safest to be, despite the thing I had to deal with. When all the evidence, which was chiefly medical, had been given, I was with the minority for 'Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown,' against the rest, who were for 'Death by apoplexy;' and we starved the others out. O, sir, the shifts and lies I had to invent, the terrors that racked me by night and by day—and all begotten by my cunning, dishonest ways, would have been punishment for a murderer! indeed! About this great reward here, of two hundred pounds, there was a ceaseless talk; and the wildest surmises as to how it would be gained, amongst our neighbors. They came into our little

back parlor just as usual, and wounded us with every word. 'Now, mark my words,' said one, 'the fellow will be discovered in the end and hanged;' and 'Ay, ay, murder will out, sooner or later,' said the rest. 'Sooner or later!' Great heaven, how those words haunted us! for now indeed we had played a part which, if discovered, would have proved us at once guilty: my wife took to her bed, and fairly sickened from sheer anxiety. She had fever, and was delirious for weeks; and I never dared to leave her, or let another watch by her bedside, for fear of what she might rave upon. When the end came at last, my poor wife wanted to see the clergyman; but I said 'No.' It was for the same reason that I would not send for Mr. Roland here, myself; he was a magistrate. You're not a magistrate?" demanded poor Charlton, suddenly, with the damps of terror mingling with those of death upon his forehead. I quieted him as well as I was able, and begged him to see his mind at ease as to any earthly tribunal. After a little time, and without noticing the warning contained in my last words, he continued—

"Amongst the folks in our parlor, one man in particular, a tailor, by name Deekham, seemed never weary of talking of Spigat's murder. He was a miserably poor, ill-favored person, who had drilled his way into our company by means of a sharp tongue. One night I told him flatly enough I did not like such mournful talk, and was quite tired of that theme. 'Why, one would really suppose that you killed the man yourself!' he retorted. It seemed as if an arrow had darted through my brain for a moment, and I could hardly keep upon my legs; but laughed it off as well as I could. He stayed, however, to the very last; and when we two were alone, he drew a small strap, such as fastens trousers at the foot, from an inner pocket, and asked me whether it was mine; 'for I found it,' said he, 'inside your house, betwixt the back of the door and the wall.' 'No, it is not,' I replied, but rather hesitatingly, for I saw he had some purpose in the question. 'I thought so,' he went on, 'for it is the fellow to that found upon John Spigat, the man who was murdered fifty yards from here, in the Swaffham Road.'

"I could not speak at first, nor do any-

this  
mot  
mac  
tru  
he  
ever  
judg  
her  
I'm  
a g  
rou  
or t  
that  
as a  
my  
my  
nec  
mea  
gan  
my  
tow  
wou  
tom  
foll  
Thi  
wor  
I be  
moc  
me,

"  
ation  
sissi  
mem  
girl,  
nam  
of W  
duri  
each  
and  
and  
to ea  
with  
peat  
who  
and  
and  
work  
tem  
strac

A  
and  
each  
the A

thing beyond making deprecating and pitiful motions with my hands; but afterwards I made shift to tell this Deckham the whole truth. 'Likely enough, Master Charlton,' he said, quite coolly; 'atween friends, however, such things looks better than before a judge and jury; I'll put a padlock on this here tongue, safe enough, if you'll fit it, as I'm sure like a sensible man you will, with a golden key.' I felt the halter already round my neck—this friend jerking it loosely or tightly as he would; but there seemed to be then no help for it. I paid five pounds that evening—miserable dolt that I was—as a retaining fee to a villain for working my total ruin. Many and many a time did my children and myself go without the barest necessities that that man might have the means to indulge in debauchery and extravagance. I sold the shop, and removed with my motherless bairns to another part of the town; but Henborough itself my tyrant would not permit me to leave. Loss of custom, loss of health, and almost loss of reason followed, of which you now know the cause. This incubus bestrode me day and night, and wore my very life out. Often and often have I been a murderer at heart because of that mocking fiend; once, indeed, he confessed to me, that a vague suspicion had alone induced

him to try me in the matter, and that the strap story was only an ingenious touchstone of his own. Cunning as I was then, I had been overreached, and, anxious to efface the very breath of slander, I had given a gratuitous proof of guilt. Here, in this workhouse, friendless, penniless, I am safe from his persecutions; but I tremble for my children, lest he use them also as his tools." I strove to comfort him, and to represent the folly of having submitted to such a treatment at first; but I was speaking to ears that could not listen. The wifeless, childless man was dying fast, an awful lesson to the crafty and untruthful. What a little leaven of dishonesty had leavened all this lump! How the path of life had been darkened to it forever by the merest shadow! While I almost doubted whether he was alive or dead, he sprang up once again into a sitting posture, and pressed the paper, which he had concealed so carefully, into my hand. A sudden dread of awakening suspicion, even after death, had nerved dissolving nature for that effort, and hardly did the grey head touch the pillow before his worn heart ceased to beat. Near twenty years, as long as most burn on in fruitless hope, it had throbbed in groundless fear!

"JIM WATSON'S NOTE BOOK."—On the plantation of James Watson, near Port Gibson, Mississippi, may be witnessed an exhibition of memory that is truly remarkable. An African girl, about fourteen years of age, answers to the name which heads this article. It is the custom of Watson to give rewards for over-work, and during the cotton picking season the amount each hand picks is weighed twice per day—noon and night. This girl stands by the overseer and listens to the number of pounds announced to each hand, and at night the result is reported with the utmost accuracy. Her correctness is repeatedly put to the test by Watson and others, who keep memorandums during the weighing, and a day or two afterwards she is catechized and her memory found perfect. Mr. Watson works from sixty to seventy hands. What system of association this girl has to remember abstract numbers she is unable to tell.

A SURGEON and apothecary in Turnmill Street and a chemist in Shoreditch were fined £100 each for retailing spirituous liquors contrary to the Act. — *London Magazine*, Oct. 1786.

MR. EDITOR.—The following extract from "Peppy's Diary," vol. 1. page 217, is corroborative of the story of the "Jealous Dog," by Judge Hallowell, contained in No. 640 of your excellent periodical. Perhaps you may think that, though the sagacious animal himself does not belong to the *Living Age*, his bright example is not unworthy of being republished there, for the amusement and instruction of posterity.

L.  
PHILADELPHIA, September, 1856.

"Sept. 11, 1861. — To Dr. Williams, who did carry me into his garden, where he hath abundance of grapes; and he did show me how a dog that he hath, do kill all the cats that come whither to kill his pigeons, and do afterwards bury them; and do it with so much care, that they shall be quite covered; and that if the tip of the tail hangs out, he will take up the cat again, and dig the hole deeper, which is very strange; and he tells me that he do believe that he hath killed above one hundred cats."

Woods were valued at the Conquest, not by the quantity of timber, but by the number of wine which the acorns maintained. — *Young's Survey of Sussex*, p. 165.

## PART II.

## CHAPTER IV.

MR. HESKETH did not appear down stairs, the next morning. He had caught cold, it seemed, and was now paying the penalty for his chivalric politeness of the night before.

So Caroline announced at the breakfast table, at which she took her usual place only a little after the usual time. It was a lovely morning after the previous day's rain. The most gracious sunshine was making all things radiant out-of-doors; the softest clouds were wafted gently athwart the sky by a southern breeze, that just stirred the pine tops, and caused the silver birch to wave her graceful tresses. All the flowers glowed with redoubled brilliancy of color; a spirit of cheerfulness seemed abroad.

Caroline looked out on the garden from the low study window, and smiled to herself delightedly.

"O, Vaughan, what a day for Crooksforth! The air is so soft, and the sunshine so pleasant! This sort of day makes me feel as if I could fly!"

"Well, you'll find wings very convenient in mountain Crooksforth," observed Vaughan, who had entered the room with his hand full of letters, just arrived by the morning's post. "Three for my uncle, one for you, George, two for me, and — yes, this one is to Miss Maturin. Carry, surely I know that writing?" He deliberately examined the direction before giving her the letter. "It is, isn't it, from Miss Kendal?"

"Yes," said she, taking it.

She turned away to read it. It was a long letter, apparently, and took more time to peruse than either Vaughan's or his friend's correspondence. The former, having tossed his letters aside, with muttered exclamations at their insipidity, strode to the distant window whither Caroline had betaken herself.

"We're waiting for our coffee," he intimated.

She rose at once, crushed the letter into her pocket, and resumed her place at the urn. Vaughan seated himself close beside her, and the length of the table almost estranged them from Mr. Farquhar, who sat at the farther end. Breakfast commenced.

Vaughan trifled with his spoon, and made intensely earnest efforts to balance it on the edge of his cup.

"Have you read your letter all through?" at last he said.

"Yes. It is not a long one."

A pause; during which the gentleman rapidly cut slices of ham, and distributed the same to his friend and himself.

"I was not aware you corresponded with Miss Kendal," he resumed in a low tone.

"(Carry, won't you have some ham?) Is it of long standing — the correspondence, I mean?"

"No, thank you. Miss Kendal has written to me several times since she left Redwood."

"And you to her?"

"Once or twice. O, Vaughan, it is not courteous of you to go on talking like this."

"Farquhar, try that pie. I particularly wish to know about Miss Kendal. What has her ladyship been doing all this time? What is she about now?"

"Wait a more fitting opportunity, and I will tell you," said Caroline, coloring, as, with a slight and not ungraceful assumption of dignity, she turned from her questioner, and addressed some remark to Mr. Farquhar.

Vaughan vexedly bent all his attention on his plate, and would not for some time join in the conversation of the others. At length, however, with a sort of magnanimous toss of the head, and a frank, half-apologetic smile, he pushed away his plate, in token of having finished his breakfast, leaned his head on his hand, and appeared to be listening with great interest to what they were saying. But some how, Caroline was not her easy natural self, and this evident scrutiny did not tend to increase her composure. She answered at random; she fell into reverie, in spite of her frequent self-corrections, when she would look round with a start, and eagerly begin to join in the conversation. It was a relief when she could rise from the table and quit the room.

But on the staircase Vaughan overtook and detained her.



"You slippery little thing, I want to speak to you."

"I am going to my uncle. He has a cold."

"It isn't a mortal complaint. Now curiosity is — suspense is. With those two diseases I am suffering, and in a very bad way. Come into the drawing-room."

He took firm hold of her wrist, and compelled her in at the open door.

"You hurt me, Vaughan," she cried, the tears starting to her eyes.

He looked intently on the pretty reddened mark his fingers had left on her wrist, then kissed it — once — twice. He glanced for a moment at her flushing face as he let the hand go.

"Is it well now?" he asked, audaciously.

"Or shall I —"

"Be silent, Vaughan! I am hurt, grieved, angry enough with you for one morning. I thought my cousin — my friend — my old playmate, was at least a gentleman."

If he expected to be amused by her indignation, he was also involuntarily affected by it. The indescribable swagger was put off. In a subdued tone he addressed her.

"Sit down, then; I did not mean to offend you, Caroline. But you are very contrary this morning yourself; why could n't you answer me just now at breakfast what I wanted to know? You are aware how keenly interested I am in anything that concerns your ancient *gouvernante*. Sanctimonious old soul, how comes she to write to you?"

"I dislike your way of speaking. Miss Kendal should be mentioned with respect at least."

"I have no reason either to respect or to like her. There was not any love lost between us, I believe. I am sure she always behaved most unpleasantly to me. I wish you would have nothing to say to her, either by personal or postal intercourse."

"It is unlucky for your wish," Caroline remarked, "that she is about to take up her residence so near Redwood. In a few weeks she is coming to live at Beacon's Cottage."

"The deuce she is! I fancied something of the kind," he added, with ire. "Miss Kendal was always famous for making differences between you and me. It reminds

me of the old days of cricketing and boating, when you used to put me off because you had to 'go out with Miss Kendal.' I never had any patience with your affection for that woman. If I could have helped it, it should n't have been."

Caroline colored, with many conflicting thoughts. The foremost of all was a highly sensible satisfaction that he did not know the real and effectual extent of his influence. She kept silence.

"What in the world brings her to this part of the country again?" he muttered. "I thought when she left us she was going abroad with some East Indian family. I hoped she was comfortably disposed of."

"But Mr. and Lady Camilla Blair are about returning to Madras for two years, and meanwhile leave their children under Miss Kendal's care. And she has chosen to come here. The house is already taken."

He stood pulling at the tassels of the sofa-cushion with a petulant air. At length, however, he looked up, laughing. "It isn't worth being vexed about; and, after all, Carry, I don't so much mind. She won't be your governess, and will have something better to do than lecturing you, and tugging you about, botanizing and moralizing, &c. So we won't talk about her any more. Just play me '*Fra poco*.' You have n't forgotten it in all this while?"

He looked tolerably confident that she had not. He opened the piano, and then luxuriously extended himself on the sofa, while she played to him some of his favorite operatic morceaux; luscious, flowing music, dreamy even in its passion, dulcet in its pathos, such as one would naturally close one's eyes, physically and mentally, to enjoy. He lazily opened his, when, at last, she ceased playing, and rose from the instrument.

"Don't go yet, Carry; it's so pleasant."

"But I must see my uncle now. You know the horses are ordered at twelve, and it is now past eleven."

Her step was decisive, as she passed down the long room by his sofa, whence he gazed at her entreatingly and detainingly. He saw it was no use to protest or complain. She went out at the door, and he rose, yawned, and sauntered to the window, with his hands in his pockets, meditating after the manner of men.

"How handsome she is grown! No milk-and-water school-girl, either. Something to interest as well as to attract. It is fun to see her angry, all the while knowing that her love is fifty times stronger than her indignation. Dear little soul, I prize her affection very much; it is worth anything to come back to it as a rest after— Hum—hum!"

The meditation floated off into vague air, as he quitted the room, descended the staircase, and sought his friend Mr. Farquhar to come and play a game at billiards, till the time for riding.

Meanwhile Caroline stopped on her way to Mr. Hesketh's apartment—likewise musing.

"I wish Vaughan was—— I wish I did not care quite so much about—— I wish—I wish——"

She got no further. And very wistful and a little perplexed was her face as she thus paused, looking out on, but hardly seeing, the soft August sunshine, which seemed to rest in visible repose on the broad lawn. But her face grew clear again, and she went in to her uncle with her own fresh gayety of aspect and manner.

"O, it is the fairest, sweetest morning," she cried; "it is dreadful to think of you in here, burrowing close to the fire, and with that fiery dressing-gown on. You will come down to lunch, won't you?"

"Surely. Come here, my child."

She came, and knelt down beside his chair. He gently turned her face, so that he could look full into the clear eyes.

"Are you very happy this morning?"

"Happy!—I? Dear uncle, what do you mean?"

"Were you pleased with your birthnight ball?"

"O yes!"

"And glad that Vaughan is at home again?"

She colored vividly. He let her droop her face then, but she lifted it again the next minute, saying, but not quite so distinctly as before, "O yes, I am always glad of that."

"That is well." In quite a changed tone he went on:—"What do you think of Mr. Farquhar?"

"I did not like him at all, at first; but I do now."

"That is right. I like him—I have confidence in him. He is much what his father was at that age." Then, in a less thoughtful tone, "You are going to Crooksforth this morning, are you not?"

"Yes. How pleasant it will be, uncle! O, I wish you could come too. Do you think——"

"No, my pet. It would be pleasanter for me to rest quietly at home. I have some letters to write. By the way, tell Vaughan I will see him in the afternoon; he can come in to me after you return from your ride."

"But won't you come down-stairs by that time?"

"I think not, dear. I have letters to write."

"You look tired. Could n't I write the letters, or Vaughan? Do let him."

The old gentleman shook his head, and smiled reassuringly, in reply to her half-anxious look. She busied herself about the room for a little while, put fresh water to the nosegay with which she constantly supplied his table, stirred his fire, drew the blinds to a convenient height, all with the officious tenderness which it is alike so pleasant to give and to receive. Then she kissed him, and went to dress for her ride.

\* \* \* \* \*

The ride proved a great pleasure. Part of the way lay along a broad ridge of road much elevated above the country on each side, and thereby commanding views at every turn both extensive and various. The sweet English valleys were smiling their loveliest; little nest-like villages clustered below the brown hills, or shone out from amidst soft foliage of the goldening trees. Park, and meadow, and moorland stretched out widely under the sunny sky, with cloud-shadows dappled upon them, and breaks of intense sunlight, making islands of glory in the broad landscape.

The south wind, fresh and gentle, was like the very breath of the sunshine, Mr. Farquhar declared, while he turned his head to meet it, his face glowing with fulness of satisfaction. "To-day I can understand what has so often seemed an enigma to me—the joy of living—the absolute pleasure of existence. Simply to be is a good thing, after all."

"Did you ever doubt it?" Caroline asked.

"I never doubted—I disbelieved," he answered; "a much more satisfactory process," he added, with a half-bitter smile. "It saves much wear and tear of spirit. To temporize between the two points of belief and unbelief, strikes me as a dangerous waste of time and expenditure of energy. What we know—we know. It is quite enough for us, very likely."

Caroline did not reply, partly because she was not quite clear of his meaning. Had she thoroughly comprehended, she might have found rejoinder equally difficult.

"Come," Vaughan impatiently interrupted, "you may as well put metaphysics aside for once. My poor little cousin is n't used to be deluged with moral philosophy in this way, on week-days at least. You're interfering with Mr. Turnbull's prerogative."

"Who is Mr. Turnbull, may I ask?"

"Our vicar. He lives in that beautiful place we passed yesterday; he is a 'pluralist,' and has about £3000 a-year. You need n't ask any more about him. He'll speak for himself next Sunday. He always preaches at morning service."

"Exemplary man! It is not every wealthy divine would condescend to a village congregation. Such humility is quite apostolic."

"O, he is an excellent person, gives the best dinner-parties in the neighborhood. An enviable career, I always thought. A few years ago I greatly inclined to the church myself, and sometimes I regret heartily enough that I did not take to it."

"You regret?" echoed Mr. Farquhar, with an involuntary glance.

"Yes. It's better than the bar, I should imagine. Not a quarter the labor brings four times the result, in most cases. O, I know what you mean; of course there is less fame, less glitter obtainable. But then look at the solid advantages of a capital benefice. Say £1200 a-year; deduct £80 for your curate, and there you are!"

"Exactly; there you are!" repeated his friend, looking at him meaningly.

Vaughan met his eye, and laughed, in some confusion.

"Of course," he went on, "you must not take what I say *au pied de la lettre*. Unluckily, I am troubled with a conscience," he sighed, while pensively switching his horse's neck, "and that stands confoundedly in the way on many occasions."

"How so?"

"In this very case, for instance. There was preferment in the family—my uncle wished it—it would have been, in a worldly sense, an excellent thing. But——"

"Did my uncle ever wish you to be a clergyman?" asked Caroline, innocently. "I thought——"

"O, it was before your time," said Vaughan, hastily; "you were not likely to hear of it. In fact, I have carefully avoided the subject with my uncle ever since. It is a sore point."

"But why did n't you do as he wished," persisted she, "if it would have pleased him so much?"

"My dear Carry," he answered, loftily, but affectionately, "I would do much to please my uncle, but a man must satisfy his own sense of right before everything."

She looked rather puzzled.

"You cannot understand? It is not to be expected that you should," he said, looking down at her with an indulgent air. "Life has many things in it that you would find incomprehensible at present."

"At present, and always, let us trust," said Mr. Farquhar, earnestly. "The tree of knowledge was always fatal to the daughters of Eve. Avoid it, Miss Maturin; don't stand under its shade, far less eat of its fruits."

But Caroline did not approve of the doctrine. She always felt tenaciously inclined, when people asserted superior knowledge, seeming to shut her out from discussion as a child, or an *ignorante*, whether the subject were polemical, ethical, or a mere simple matter of social experience.

"On the contrary," she declared to Mr. Farquhar, "I shall take every opportunity of enlarging my information. I despise ignorance. If I could, I would like to know thoroughly all the good and evil in the world, and take my choice."

Though he smiled at her energy, his eye kindled into a sympathetic fire with that which flashed over all her young face.

"You are ambitious," he said.

"Are not you? Does not everybody that we should count worthy, aspire? I think to be easily contented is a very mean virtue."

"Excelsior!" cried Vaughan, enthusiastically. "Carry, we always liked that story, you remember?"

She nodded, her eyes beaming at the dear

old memory which he knew so well how to evoke.

"Nevertheless," said Mr. Farquhar, more drily than he had before spoken, "to be easily contented is a comfortable faculty, greatly longed for by older persons than yourself, Miss Maturin."

"Comfortable!" she echoed, with profound scorn.

"Even so; man must have something. He sees nearly all his ambitions crushed, his dreams dissolved, his hopes, aims, and ends, dwarfed, distorted, or destroyed, by the time he is forty; so he even falls back on what you condemn, and when he can neither be great nor happy, he finds it very convenient to be comfortable."

She did not understand the bitter irony with which he spoke: she took all he said literally, and in the uncompromising insolence of her youth and inexperience, disdained it as mean and unworthy. Yet the next minute a glance at his face obtained from her instinct, what it would have been vain to ask from her reason and justice. She could not help compassionating this man, nay, she could not help a certain involuntary trust in him. His reality and truth magnetically appealed to her own. So the curl of the rosy lip waved into a smile, half sad, half sweet, and wholly womanly, with which she turned to him, saying, "Let us, at least, wait till we are forty, before we believe in such a dreary doctrine."

"Are you so happy as to be able to command your belief?" he asked her, smiling also, but with a curious earnestness in the midst of his jesting tone. "What a benefactor to his species would he be who should impart such a gift to the world at large! 'Belief taught in six lessons!' They professed to teach memory in that way, some time since, why not Faith? which, after all, is to the future very much what memory is to the past."

"But, though artificial memory might be of some service," said Caroline, amused, "artificial faith would be a very frail, useless thing, I am afraid."

"From flowers, upward or downward, Caroline scorns simulations," cried Vaughan; "let us have the real article, or none. It is the genuine British disdain of shams."

He laughed, and so did Caroline, because she was too young and too happy to feel at

all deeply in the matter they were discussing. Like many another, she thought and talked ignorantly of Faith, as one who had never been in deep waters might think and speak of a life-boat.

Mr. Farquhar looked at their laughing faces, silently. They rode onward at an increased pace, and conversation was checked for a time. When they drew rein, it was to dismount from their horses, and, leaving them in charge of the groom, to ascend the much-talked-of Crooksforth Hill.

Caroline, in glee, ran forward. Vaughan linked his arm within his friend's, and they followed more deliberately.

"Well, what do you think of my cousin? Isn't she pretty?"

"She is pretty," returned Mr. Farquhar, with an unusually sententious air.

Vaughan was surprised; and oddly too, felt both relieved and annoyed at the moderation of the reply.

"Is that all you have to say? Why, I myself was struck when I saw her last night. She was a mere school-girl when I left Redwood — a child, comparatively."

"She is little more now, I think." And the speaker's eye followed the lithe figure of Caroline, as she bounded up the somewhat steep ascent.

Once she turned back to look at them, and her laughing face and golden hair flashed on them for a moment, like a sudden light upon the bare, brown hill. But, presently, in its dusky crest of pines she was lost to view.

"She is very young still; her manner is unformed, and so forth," Vaughan then resumed. "She has little of what you would call 'style,' or *l'air de société*. But all that will come."

"Will it?"

"Of course it will. Miss Maturin is not likely to lack those necessary graces when they become necessary. At present, in this country circle, their absence may pass unnoticed; but, trust me," added the young man, slightly chafed by the other's indifference, "you'll hear of her yet in London."

Mr. Farquhar seemed amused.

"You defend Miss Maturin's claims as a belle and a woman of the world with most creditable zeal," he remarked.

But even while Vaughan looked at him, a little puzzled as to his meaning, the unconscious subject of their talk came towards



them, back from the summit of the hill. She was arranging some sprigs of heather, purple, pink, and white, into a little bouquet.

"Are not these lovely? Look, Vaughan, this is a peculiar kind of heather which does not grow on the moorlands."

"I see; it is very pretty. How carefully you have arranged them. Are they for me?"

"No, indeed; I gathered them for my uncle. He has a mountaineer's love of heather."

Vaughan detected Mr. Farquhar's slight smile, and was annoyed thereat.

"Carry, *do* give them to me; I want them," he whispered. "I will get some more for my uncle—give me these."

She gave them, looking half-wonderingly at him. He bestowed them with much *emphasis* in his button-hole, and then turned to Mr. Farquhar.

"We may as well descend, I suppose. The horses will be impatient."

"And we have sufficiently enjoyed the romantic view we came to see," was the grave addendum.

In fact, only Caroline had thought about the magnificent prospect at all, and she had been very speedily diverted therefrom to the tiny flowers glancing so brilliantly and invitingly from the ground.

"Such is life!" Mr. Farquhar said, theatrically waving his hand; "and so end its great aims! We climb with much toil and trouble—and forget what we came for. The more philosophical gather the flowers at their feet, it is true —"

"And give them away when gathered!" Caroline concluded with a ringing laugh. "O, Mr. Farquhar, how soon I could learn to talk wisely and metaphysically, like you! I think I begin to see the vanity of all things already. What is sunshine, and a south wind, and a breezy hill, and a broad prospect, after all? What good does it do us to be able to see the steeple of Fairpoint on one side and the Thurstons Hill on another, and the ships in Stillford Harbor on another, and wide valleys, and spreading pastures and abrupt moors in between? What use is it all?"

She shook her head with an affectation of grave discontent irresistible to see. And, still chattering her saucy nonsense, she began tripping down the hill. Her companions followed, laughing.

"It would take a good deal to make her see 'the vanity of all things,'" said Vaughan; "she has too keen a sense of enjoyment. Such a day as this makes her happy—she needs nothing more."

"I perceive." A pause. Then Mr. Farquhar added, "Indeed, she seems—Miss Maturin seems specially constituted by nature, as well as by circumstances, to be *happy*. Fate seems to have pleasure in crowning her with all best gifts. Her cup of joy overflows."

"O yes!" said Vaughan, carelessly; "she has been happy enough, I suppose, since she came to Redwood. My uncle adopted her, you know. She has no other friends in the world but us."

Mr. Farquhar looked at him with a queer glimmer in his eyes for an instant; then he relapsed into meditation, which lasted even till they overtook the young lady, and were walking beside her.

The ride home was a merry one. The mood of all seemed lightened and exhilarated by their taste of the free air on Crooksforth Height. Mr. Farquhar, especially, after his last reverie, seemed to fling off the last suspicion of "wisdom and metaphysics," and yielded himself to the pleasurable influences of the time. A fund of quiet humor, and better still, of genial appreciation, began to be evident in this gentleman. Caroline had no idea he could be half so pleasant, so likeable. Her fast-increasing regard manifested itself in the bright glances she turned upon him, and the unconstraint and entire frankness with which she began to talk.

When she alighted from her horse, Mr. Farquhar being at some little distance, she was able to relieve her mind, by whispering to Vaughan, "O! I was very unjust to your friend. I like him so much!" With which she gathered up her long skirt, and flitted into the house.

"Vaughan," Mr. Farquhar proposed, "let us take a few turns on the terrace. This sunshine is like veritable *elixir vite*. Come!"

But Vaughan's face was slightly clouded. He demurred. "I have to go to my uncle. I'll join you afterwards, if you like. Must go now." And he turned in at the wide-open door, leaving Mr. Farquhar to make his way to the terrace by himself.

It was late in the afternoon when Vaughan Hesketh left his uncle's room, slowly descended the staircase, and entered the study. No one was there. A fire was burning, and Mr. Hesketh's great chair was drawn towards it, awaiting him. But the window was open, and on the table near, two or three books had evidently been recently laid down. Moreover, a cambric handkerchief lay on the floor beneath the window — Caroline's handkerchief, with her initials embroidered in the corner. Vaughan took it up, and regarded the fanciful letters with curious thoughtfulness for a long time. He was disturbed in his reverie by the faint sound of voices at a little distance, floating gently on the evening quiet. Yes, there she was, and Mr. Farquhar beside her. Both were standing at the end of the terrace, looking at the young moon that was just rising over the tops of the pines. The musical vibration of Caroline's sweet laugh reached his ears.

He stepped out, and taking a slanting path across the lawn, overtook them as they slowly paced the broad terrace. He noticed that Mr. Farquhar was talking earnestly, and Caroline listening with interest; he noticed also that the gentleman held in his hand a shell-pink rose, which he knew must have been gathered from Caroline's own particular tree. Somewhat brusquely he broke in upon the conference.

"Did you know you had lost this, Carry?" holding up the handkerchief.

"O! thank you. Is my uncle coming down now? Does he seem better?"

"He appears pretty well, and is coming in to dinner. You have been admiring the moon, I suppose?"

"Why do you suppose?"

"O! you look like it. There's a peculiar sonnet-ish appearance in the eyes of persons under such circumstances. You'll see it in me presently. I already began to feel in blank verse."

Caroline laughed lightly. Mr. Farquhar was silent.

"I could make a poem about you, Carry, this minute," Vaughan went on, as if restlessly bent on talking. "You look completely poetic, in that white robe, with the blue shawl wrapped about you, and that fair young crescent behind your head. I mean the moon, which evidently counts it a destiny

enough to 'fill the ambition of a moderate moon' — to make an ornament for your back hair. I think I must get you a moon of your own, Carry, in mother-of-pearl."

"You are very kind," she responded, in the same gay tone.

Not a suspicion of embarrassment clouded her smile; then she looked at her watch, and exclaiming at the lateness of the hour, she fled across the grass, and disappeared inside the study window.

The two young men walked on for some little time in silence; then Vaughan, with some slight hesitation, commenced by saying, "I have been thinking, George, that the full disclosure I intended making to my uncle had, after all, better be postponed."

"Your reasons," his friend rejoined, after a somewhat blank pause.

"Nay, don't think me capricious or obstinate," said Vaughan, with a frankness that it was very hard to resist. "I know you have my promise, and if you still claim it, it shall be done; but —"

"The arguments that were cogent a month since are surely not less so now. Time only increases your difficulty. For what reason did I accompany you to Redwood, but to make your confession of extravagance and debt easier by coming through a third party —"

"For whose name my uncle has an unusual respect," put in Vaughan. "Don't suppose me so cowardly as to have placed a duty upon other shoulders, merely because they were not mine. I knew well that from your lips the old man would receive patiently what otherwise might at once exasperate him beyond reason."

"Then why postpone it till I am no longer here to fulfil the office?"

"But you will be here again, often, I hope. And you will not count your visit valueless, even though its primary motive should fail?"

Mr. Farquhar made no immediate reply. With his eyes bent downwards, he appeared to be musing rather intently.

"Well, Vaughan, give me your reasons for delay."

"My uncle is evidently not in his usual health and spirits just now. He tells me he has had some heavy losses — some speculations in which he was concerned have failed

He received the tidings only this morning. You see, therefore, that to add to this—would —”

“Would be additionally painful, I grant; but the necessity is none the less, nor the duty.”

“But, under the present circumstances, it is not his anger that I dread—it is his grief. He is depressed at present more than I ever saw him. Look at all sides of the question. I am his adopted nephew—his heir: to me he looks for help—for comfort. If, instead of this, I but bring him new troubles, it is enough to break his heart. His indignation, his displeasure, I could bear—but his sorrow—George, spare me that!”

He spoke with an earnestness that made his voice falter. His friend turned to him, and looked steadily in his face.

“I cannot quite understand you,” he said, dubiously. “From what you told me of your uncle, I was led to expect a hard, harsh disciplinarian, rather than the genial old gentleman I find—or the tender-hearted being you now speak of. You said nothing of his probable distress—it was his unreasonable anger you deprecated.”

“That is true, I admit. When away from him, I thought more of his stern strictures, of his uncompromising, business-like love of prudence. But I come here, and I find—himself! softened, too, by troubles of his own, kinder and more loving than he has ever shown himself to me.” The speaker glanced at his companion’s face, but the drooped eyes and inflexible lip told little. He went on—“Then, again, there is another consideration—dearer, sweeter, holier than all. My cousin Caroline. I could not bear to crush her—to sadden her —”

The rigid mouth of the listener quivered, the impassive face flashed as with newly-kindled light.

“To crush her? I do not comprehend —”

“At least it would cause her some misery. Remember, George—she loves me.”

“Loves you?” he again echoed.

“Loves me! Her tenderness and devotion are just now at once my pride and my pain. To see her betrothed husband —” He broke off, as if he expected some interruption here; but Mr. Farquhar was once more contemplating the ground, and made no re-

mark. “I forgot,” Vaughan resumed; “you do not know, probably, that Caroline and myself have always been intended for one another. Only this morning my uncle was speaking to me of our marriage.”

“Is that true?”

Mr. Farquhar stood still, facing his companion with an intent but still impassive gaze. The words were uttered more emphatically, perhaps, than he was aware of. Vaughan colored angrily, and drew back.

“I presume you do not doubt —” but he did not finish the sentence, though Farquhar’s look still questioned him. “Pshaw!” said he, laughing frankly, “I am a fool, indeed, to let my hot temper come between me and my best friend. Yes, George, it is true.”

“And she loves you?”

“Is that so incredible to you? Are you so greatly surprised? Your amazement speaks well for our behaviour. Lovers are not generally so difficult of detection.”

Mr. Farquhar suddenly swerved aside from his companion, and stooped to pick up a stone. He seemed to expend much energy in flinging it into the midst of the dark foliage of an *arbor vitæ* on the lower lawn. Vaughan laughed at him, and at the whimsical interruption to their discourse.

“You are half boy yet at heart, George; but be your full age just at present. I need your most mature wisdom.”

Mr. Farquhar again turned to him, with a face that was pale and grave enough effectually to scare away all jestings.

“On such subjects of discussion as the present a man’s own honest feeling is his best wisdom.”

“So I think,” said Vaughan, quickly. “I am aware that, in a merely worldly sense, my best, and easiest, and wisest plan would be at once to tell my uncle of my unfortunate involvements. I know the extent of the result. He would be angry—forgive—and pay. But other considerations intervene. I have told you what they are. Caroline —”

“Miss Maturin loves you, you say?”

“You seem oddly incredulous of the fact. Just use your perceptive organs the next time you see us together.”

Mr. Farquhar’s eyes blazed on him for a moment, in sudden and fierce disdain. With an effort he controlled it.

"There is another side to the question, which apparently does not occur to you," he went on. "Do you love *her*, Vaughan? — do you love Miss Maturin?"

"I cannot conceive why you should doubt that, either. I have known her from childhood; she is beautiful, intelligent——"

"I asked you a question—will you answer it straightforwardly? There is no time for quibbling——"

"And no desire on my part," declared Vaughan, with an air of injured candor. "Of course I love her, as a man *should* love the woman he looks on as his future wife."

Mr. Farquhar made no reply. They walked on.

"It is not necessary that I should say more on such a point," Vaughan resumed; "the dearest feelings of a man's heart are not commonly the oftenest on his lips."

He was interrupted by the apparition at the study window of Caroline's white-clad figure. She beckoned to them. "It is nearly dinner-time. My uncle is in the dining-room. Do come in."

Mr. Farquhar, without a word, left his companion, and entered the house by the side-door. Vaughan joined Caroline at the window. He detained her there. In the soft evening light he looked at her earnestly, and appeared to derive great and growing satisfaction from the sight. Truly it was a pleasant one. The glamour of youth was about her—a starlike purity, a childlike grace, in trembling conjunction with the budding consciousness of womanhood. Moreover, with the spiritual beauty, the impalpable enchantment that environed her, there was mingled something intensely real and human; something that told of depths as yet untroubled lying far under the unrippled calm and translucence of her soul; something that, while it suggested faults and shortcomings, also revealed the power to conquer the one, and the nobleness that made up for the other. Because, whatever else was there, there was also Truth, unsullied and uncrooked by conventional sophistries or cowardly self-delusion—truth, white, crystalline, and absolute. Whoso have such are not without a reflex of God's presence, albeit they have not yet recognized His voice.

How much of all this did Vaughan see as

he looked at her, and then gently took her hand? She glanced at him in shy surprise as he did so,—but she let it stay.

"We have had a long talk—my uncle and I," said he.

She turned in quick anxiety.

"O, Vaughan! is he displeased at anything? He is not angry with you, is he?"

"Displeased!—angry! what could make you think so? No, indeed. Don't look so alarmed, dear!"

He spoke very tenderly, and drew closer to her, softly stroking the hand he held. Caroline's head drooped instinctively; her heart was beating fast. Some curious and exclusively feminine intuition made her aware that this was neither the old, careless fondness of the boy, nor the more chastened, yet admiring regard he had sufficiently indicated since his return home. Some contradictory, restless feeling made her strive to disengage her hand, though, poor little hand! it felt very happy in his clasp. But he held it firmly; he bent his head lower still, close to her ear, whispering, "We were talking of you, and of me, Carry. You can guess what is my uncle's dearest wish; or, if you cannot, you *know*, you must feel, what is mine. Is it yours, also? Carry, tell me that you love me!"

He placed his arm round her. She had stood erect and still till then, but *then* she began to tremble much and uncontrollably.

"Tell me; tell me!" he murmured, urgently—"tell me that you are my own, own Carry—now and always!"

There was a pause. She could not answer, it seemed. But presently the lip quivered, unclosed, and "Now and always," she repeated, at last, very softly.

He kissed the downcast brow, and then strove to turn her face towards him.

"Look at me, dearest." And shyly, yet very proudly, too, she looked up at him for an instant—only for an instant. Her bedewed eyes met the gaze of his, then she broke away from him. But at the door he caught her hand.

"Don't run from me so soon—I have so much to say."

Again he imprisoned her in his arms, and bent over her, uttering low words—soothing, tender, and fond. For her, she hid her face in her two hands, and let the



tears have way that *would* not now be forced back. He watched the while.

"You are happy—say you are happy, in spite of these tears," he whispered.

Faintly came her reply, but it contented him.

"And I may tell my uncle that all is as he wishes—may I?"

She bowed her head.

"And you will let him see—that—that his great desire is fulfilled? You are not ashamed of loving me, Caroline?"

"Ashamed!" She looked into his face in a very radiance of triumph and joy.

"And we are betrothed? Say again that you are happy—say again that you love me."

"I am happy; I am happy!" She paused, caught his smiling, expectant look fixed upon her. "And—and I love—O, Vaughan! you are the whole—whole world to me!"

Shyness and shame were crushed, and yielded for the moment to the sudden impulse. For a moment she clung to him, as though indeed in him she found her home, her hope, her all. \* For a moment the strong full soul overflowed.

Vaughan Hesketh was conscious of a revelation. So far as he might, he understood and was somewhat dazzled with the intense new light that flashed before him.

Then she fled, and this time he did not seek to detain her. He stood musing, his hands clasped before him, and the peculiar smile upon his lips that made his face look at once so handsome and so enigmatical. His reflections were doubtless highly satisfactory, not to say exultant; and he slowly quitted the room, saying to himself, "She loves me *desperately*. It is very pleasant. I had no idea that—well, she shall be happy. Beautiful—she is beautiful, young, sweet, and loving. Yes, I am quite satisfied."

So he entered the dining-room, and informed Mr. Hesketh of the fact of the betrothal.

The old gentleman was leaning back in his easy-chair; the disregarded newspaper lay on his knee, and he was evidently lost in serious, and probably not very pleasing thought. But when Vaughan spoke to him, and told him what he had to tell, his face relaxed, his smile was a satisfied one.

"I am glad, Vaughan. You are a happy fellow."

"I know it, sir," he answered fervently.

There was no time for more. The servants entered with dinner; the bell sounded, and presently Mr. Farquhar came into the room. Only a few minutes longer they had to wait for Caroline; then she came.

Poor girl! The ordeal of dinner is not the least trying that could be devised for a damsel under similar circumstances. However, she braved and came through it most creditably. She had a rare amount of spirit and resolution, which generally enabled her to achieve what she held to be very desirable. She determined that no outward show should exist of the wonderful new world she had but now entered; no bashfulness, no sentimental blushes or falterings, should, if she could help it, betray one iota of that which she held treasured so sacredly and tenderly. Therefore her demeanor, if not quite so frankly gay as usual, was very much farther removed from bearing any trace of agitation, past or present. Moreover, as the time went on, equanimity became easier, conversation less of an effort. By the time she rose to leave the dining-room, she had almost begun to understand, without first pausing to consider, the various remarks and questions that were circulating among the *partie quarrée*.

Her uncle rose to go with her to the drawing-room, declaring, in virtue of his being half an invalid, he would for that day assume the privileges of a lady. Vaughan closed the door after them. He appeared slightly discomposed, as he resumed his place opposite to his friend. Neither made any remark, and their talk was listless and disconnected, till Vaughan obeyed with alacrity the announcement that coffee was served, and led the way into the drawing-room.

There, Mr. Hesketh on his sofa had Caroline seated close beside him, as if they had been talking earnestly. But he loosed her hand when they came in, and she blithely rose and took her usual seat, where her face was half hidden behind the capacious proportions of the massive silver tea-urn. In that retirement, while the three gentlemen conversed over their dainty porcelain cups, Caroline doubtless had her own thoughts, and arranged them comfortably and "tidily,"

so that they should not get into the way for the next two or three hours.

And altogether the evening passed with more cheerfulness and less restraint than might have been expected. Its events may be briefly epitomized: Mr. Farquhar devoted himself to conversation with Mr. Hesketh, and to all appearance both gentlemen were soon deeply interested in a discussion on Chancery Reform; a dry subject, from which Vaughan escaped at the commencement, to follow Caroline to the piano, to lean over the back of her chair while she played, and to interrupt by ever-recurrent whisperings the sweet strains of Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi, thereby occasioning many varieties of harmony not contemplated by those composers. Light bursts of laughter occasionally rang upwards from this distant corner of the room, and then a momentary glance could hardly be resisted by either of its other occupants—a glance that took in a picture very charming in its way; white-robed, golden-haired Caroline, and Vaughan, handsome and chivalrous of bearing, speech, and look, watching her fingers as they played elfish tricks about the ivory keys, or trying to tempt her to look up at him for a moment—it was sure to be only for a moment—and then she would droop her head again, and extraordinary bursts of sound would ensue, as if—as indeed, was the case—she was wrathful with her own self-consciousness.

But at length the evening came to an end. Mr. Hesketh was the first to rise, and, after bidding a cordial good-night to his guest, left the room, leaning on Caroline's arm. When the door had closed behind them, Mr. Farquhar lighted his candle, and held out his hand to Vaughan.

"Say good-night for me to Miss Maturin. I have some letters to attend to to-night before I sleep."

"Are you really going at once? You look tired, my dear Farquhar——"

"My dear Vaughan!"

The other held his hand, and looked steadily into his face, with a long, searching look, that would not be denied. Vaughan met it, half wonderingly, yet unflinchingly.

"Are you reading my fortune?" at length he asked, laughing.

"I was trying to read *you*; but I cannot."

"Who should be able, if not yourself?" Vaughan replied; "you who have been to me friend, counsellor, and helper—you who know all my follies and weaknesses as intimately as though I were a conscientious Romanist, and you my father confessor."

"True. And yet—and yet—but I must even trust——" said Mr. Farquhar, somewhat incoherently. And at last he removed his eyes from his friend's face, loosed his grasp of his hand, and went from the room.

And in his own apartment long did George Farquhar sit thoughtful, with a very changeful expression in his dark face—sometimes of pain, keen and sharp enough to make the lip quiver, and to contract the brow as with some physical spasm; anon of doubt, deep and perplexing;—till at length pain and doubt were both silenced, as it seemed, by the voice of a strong resolve. And then he rose from his seat, walked rapidly up and down the room for some minutes, and then—the mouth quite fixed and firm, although the brow was still clouded and the eyes were not all peace nor all thoughtfulness—he drew pen, and ink, and paper to him, and began to write rapidly.

Let us look over his shoulder:

"MY DEAR VAUGHAN,—I am going to leave Redwood early to-morrow morning. I beg of you to tender my apologies for the abruptness of my departure to your good uncle, and my earnest thanks for the friendly hospitality he has so kindly shown me.

"So much for myself; now to your own affairs. I have been considering their position, and I can see no righteous solution of the difficulties that would arise from their further postponement. You tell me that your marriage is to take place before long—an additional reason why all should be made clear and straight for your future career. I can, indeed, see reasons why an *esclandre* at this juncture is to be specially deprecated, yet worse even than that would it be for you to take new responsibilities upon you while the trammels of former difficulties still remain.

"Let there be no delay. Arrange the whole matter at once. I will advance you the requisite sum; you shall repay me at your convenience. I rely upon your often reiterated assurances and solemn promises never to incur another of these accursed 'debts of honor.' I rely, too, on the fact

that you are about to link with your own fate that of a good and noble woman, whose love, I believe and trust, will awaken in you high ambitions towards a nobler life than has yet been yours. Moreover, I have sufficient faith in your generosity to believe that you will not disregard the knowledge that this loan to you will cripple my resources for the next few years. Let me have the real happiness of finding that it has done good service to you and yours. The money shall be paid to your creditors (according to the list of them with which you furnished me) directly I reach London, and the receipts sent to you. I purpose a foreign tour for the remainder of the vacation. When I return, I trust it will be to hear that all has gone well with you. A worthy life lies before you—embrace it! See that you use well the good gifts Fate places in your way. Your past has not deserved such gifts, Vaughan Hesketh—take heed that your future repairs its errors. I am not given to sermonizing, so this must end.—I am yours faithfully, GEORGE FARQUHAR.

"Write me word to my chambers that you agree to this. I shall have left for London before this reaches you."

This written, he rang for his servant.

"Jenkins, we leave this at six o'clock to-morrow—no, this morning. Call me at five; see that the horses are ready. And remember before we start to give this letter

to Mr. Vaughan Hesketh's man, to deliver to his master as soon as he comes downstairs."

The servant bowed, and retired, too proficient in his vocation to betray surprise, however sudden the plan. It so chanced, that on his way along the corridor he met Mr. Vaughan Hesketh's "own man." He was discreet enough not to mention the fact of their approaching departure; but, in order to prevent accidents, he gave him the letter to deliver to his master next morning. Furthermore, it chanced that the man, being summoned to Mr. Vaughan Hesketh's apartment again that night, gave him the letter.

He read it. For a little while he appeared to be considering, his hand shading his eyes. He looked up sharply at the waiting-man.

"Was this to be given to me at once?"

"Yes, sir—no, sir. Leastways, Mr. Jenkins told me to give it you the first thing in the morning."

"Ah! you need n't mention that you gave it to-night."

"Very well, sir."

And Vaughan Hesketh, serenely content, turned to his slumbers.

## CHAPTER VI

It was an afternoon in September. One of the fairest autumn days was lingering lovingly and regretfully about the embrowned beeches and dusky firs of Redwood. The shadowy, sweet presence of the season most dear to poet and to artist, was discernible everywhere. She glanced from the midst of many a copse and pinewood; her soft, tender smile shone from faint rifts of cloud that girdled the horizon when sunset was near; the hem of her skirt had touched the dells and hollows where the grass grew lush and tall—had turned the ferns to amber and the grasses to gold. On the smooth turf of the hilly slope that led to the moor, she had left footprints, of a pale brown fading color, that contrasted with the vivid emerald of the moss around the tree trunks. And across the hill, through the tree branches, and the feathery grasses, and the amber ferns, came the slanting sunlight, making shadows everywhere, and flickering

upon the narrow path leading to the moor, the slightly marked path which wound and wound itself between the trees and great clumps of gorse, and then was lost, as though it led to a brink beyond which lay only sky and air.

The hall windows looked out on the hill. At one of them Vaughan Hesketh stood, with his hands clasped behind him, his head bent down, and the peculiar eyes cloudy, ominous, yet with a fiery sparkle in them, looking out as if they saw more than the gleams and shadows of the autumn afternoon. Anon he turned away, and began idly rolling about the billiard-balls, till his quick ear caught the rustle of a robe, and he looked up to see Caroline descending the staircase. She came towards him; the almost serious composure of her face gave way to a smile, and the bloom on her cheek deepened. His own aspect cleared; it brightened into the free, candid sunshine of

his best moods as he looked at her, and while he led her to the window, jealously retaining her hand in his.

But she rebelled, and tried to draw it away;—"Luncheon waits; let me go, Vaughan."

"Why should I? What signifies luncheon? Are not we both very happy here, looking out on this bright afternoon together?"

"Looking out of window is a mean pursuit, I think," she said, wilfully, but with a happy glance that contradicted herself.

"O, Carry! are you going to practise the Farquhar philosophy? Do you begin to see the vanity of all things?"

"I begin to see the vanity of *you* at least," she rejoined, laughing; "the rest will follow in time. Doubtless poor Mr. Farquhar's theory had reason in it."

"Poor Mr. Farquhar! Why such a tender adjective?"

"O, I always felt sorry for him, and I regretted his abrupt departure. I wish he hadn't gone abroad last week. I wish he had stayed longer at Redwood."

"Farquhar seems to have made a wonderful impression on your susceptible ladyship."

"Is it so wonderful? Were you not sorry yourself, when your friend left us so suddenly?"

"No, Carry; I had no room for sorrow, regret, or disappointment. I was in perfect content with everything in the world."

She colored, in silence, as she led the way into the dining-room, declaring again that "luncheon was ready." But apparently neither of them cared much for that repast. It was very soon dispatched, almost in silence, and then Caroline seated herself before the fire and Vaughan took a chair beside her. He leaned his elbow on his knee, his head upon his hand, and looked up into her face thoughtfully. Some fascination seemed to lead the conversation back to the former theme.

"After all," he said, with some emphasis, "he is an excellent fellow, in his way."

"Who?" she asked, waking from her own reverie.

He smiled complacently.

"George Farquhar. I say he is a capital fellow, in his way."

"But what is his way?"

"That of a man of the world—a man who has drained life of all its sweetness, and is rather apt to quarrel with the dregs because they are bitter. A man of intellect that has been suffered to lie fallow; of fortune that has been misspent or wasted; of position that has been turned to no account. A disappointed, *blasé*, cynical man, Carry, whose nature you can hardly guess at, much less understand."

"I can understand enough to be very sorry," she said, thoughtfully. There was a pause. "I regret more than ever that he did not stay with us," she went on. "Poor man! poor Mr. Farquhar! He should not have gone away."

"Of course, he is much to be pitied for not staying. But he seemed to think it inevitable that he should go, and I presume he knows his own affairs best."

"Business affairs—yes. But there are other things. It would have done him good, Vaughan, to have been in this pleasant country, and the beautiful autumn weather we have had ever since you came down. Don't you remember the one day at Crooksforth, how it cheered him? He was like a different person after he had been in the fresh, sweet air for an hour or two."

"My dear child, Redwood air is dear to you, I know, and doubly dear to me. But, with all due respect for its merits and its health-giving properties, I yet doubt its power to regenerate a morbid mind."

"O, Vaughan! remember that one day on Crooksforth!"

"I *do* remember; shall I ever forget it? But it is not of him I think in connection with that day; it was too full of—other things. And, since then, there has been so much happiness in my life that all morbidness and misery went out of even my remembrance."

He spoke very tenderly, and for one minute Caroline shyly nestled her cheek against his hand.

"Dear Vaughan, it is precisely because I am so happy that I feel doubly compassionate to all who are not so. I yearn to give away out of my abundance."

"I like to hear you say you are happy. I like to see you look like that—And you are really happy, Caroline?"

"Have I not said?" she returned, with a



bright smile. But it faded a little, as she went on — "If only my uncle were quite well, and himself again, I should be in the condition I used to repudiate — I should have nothing left to wish for."

"He will get strong again, in time; never fear. Dr. Barclay thought well of him yesterday, you know."

"Still it is a mysterious sort of ailment, which makes me anxious. Every day he is later in coming from his room; every day, exertion seems more painful and difficult. He was never very active; now his love of repose almost amounts to torpor. And his memory is not so good as it used to be."

"Ah!" said Vaughan, struck by the fact.

"Do you think that is bad?" cried Caroline, in eager alarm. "Dr. Barclay did not take much notice when I told him; he said with the physical weakness all mental disorder would go. And he is very cheerful, always."

"That is a great advantage. Don't frighten yourself, or be too anxious, dear child. There is nothing dangerous in the sort of chronic influenza which, after all, my uncle's illness resolves itself into."

But Caroline's serious eyes took no new light.

"Don't look so grave, dearest. Do you know, I fancy your cheek is the least in the world less blooming than it was a week or two since. Suppose we go for a walk?"

He had no cause to complain of her want of bloom. Radiant and rosy was her blush as she replied, "O, Vaughan! I've something to tell you — something you won't like to hear."

"You little puss! I'll punish you —"

"No; don't laugh. It is really something disagreeable. I knew it last night, but I did not wish to vex you before there was absolute need."

"What is it, then?" he asked, with a momentary peevishness, which escaped him unawares, being the natural protest against anything disagreeable or vexatious which it was part of his character to feel, though he did not always express it.

"It is about Miss Kendal. She arrived at Beacon's Cottage last night, and I am going to see her this afternoon," said Caroline, bravely and directly.

She could not help laughing at the wry face with which Vaughan received the infor-

mation. The fact was, he felt rather relieved that it was no worse. He had long since reconciled himself to the inevitable necessity of Miss Kendal's neighborhood, therefore he was highly philosophical on the present occasion.

"Well, it can't be helped. And she is really there — not a mile from the spot we occupy? After this, I'll never believe in magnetism. If there was any truth in it, I should have felt an oppressiveness in the air when the arrival took place."

"O, Vaughan, be good!"

"Would it add to your happiness if I were to resolve to behave well, even to be civil, to Miss Kendal? Do you really wish me to be good?"

"You can hardly believe in such an unreasonable wish?" Caroline laughed, delighted at his gay humor on the obnoxious subject. "But it is true, though; I do wish it — very much."

"Then it shall be done!" he declared, solemnly. "Difficult as the undertaking is, it shall be accomplished; and, to begin at the beginning, Carry, I'll accompany you this afternoon; I also will pay my respects at Beacon's Cottage."

He watched her face narrowly, though smilingly, as if he expected to see there something different from the simple pleasure and gratification with which she looked up to him. But Caroline was transparent as air. Her second thought brought a shade to her face, a serious tone to her voice.

"Vaughan, after all, perhaps she would rather that I went alone the first time. I don't think you shall go to-day."

"Indeed!" he said, coldly. "Is your friendship so close and so sacred that not even your betrothed husband may come near it?"

His cold glance, his displeased tone, struck home. But something of her characteristic repulsion against all unreasonableness and injustice came to Caroline's aid.

"You must know what I mean, Vaughan. It is for Miss Kendal's sake, not my own, that I propose to go alone."

"And Miss Kendal is, of course, to be considered before me?"

She was indignantly silent; a red glow fired her cheek; a significant light flashed ever and anon from her eyes. She looked exactly as she had looked when a child,

when Vaughan had been what she called "wicked," and herself "cross." Vaughan recognized the look; it was one evoked in an instant, and capable of being dispelled as quickly.

"O, Carry! you should not try me where I am most weak. On this point I am utterly unreasonable; I confess it."

"I am glad you confess it."

"Don't unbraid me with that measured tone and chill glance. I really intend to improve; veritably, Carry, the difficult enterprise shall be immediately undertaken."

"So you just now said."

"That is a heartless insinuation. Pshaw! it was half fun, my ill-humor. You may go to Beacon's Cottage as often as you like, and talk by the hour to my good friend there. It does not signify to me. I will trust you."

"Trust me?"

"Yes. If she abuses me as she used to do, if she tries to prejudice you against me, why, let her. Ill-nature will be its own reward."

Caroline's reply had only got as far as a reproachful, but nevertheless evidently relenting, "O, Vaughan!" when they were interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who delivered a card to Mr. Vaughan Hesketh, and announced that "the gentleman waited in the study."

"In the study! My uncle is not down, is he?" said Vaughan, quickly. He had just glanced at the card, and now rose, crushing it in his hand with evident embarrassment and annoyance. He stood as if considering for some minutes. Evidently he hesitated; but at last, without turning to Caroline, only muttering, "I must see him; I'll be back in a few minutes," he left the room.

Caroline sat still, thoughtful, and a little troubled. Why was it that in the midst of all the happiness of the last few weeks would sometimes rise shadows such as this that now reigned duskiy over her mind? Why would the sense of unsatisfying incompleteness ever and anon oppress her, while to all appearance sunshine most absolute was around her, and, as she had herself said a little while before, she was in danger of "having nothing left to wish for?" It was no tangible care or anxiety that she brooded over now. Her uncle's illness was not in her thoughts.

What was it? Even while she tried to penetrate into the the mystery of her own spirit, Vaughan returned to her, took his old place beside her, looked at her, but not as before. His face betrayed agitation, his utterance was indistinct and hurried.

"Caroline, I am obliged to go to London immediately. A—a friend of mine is in a strait, from which I must try and relieve him as best I can."

"To go to London? O, Vaughan!" was her first cry; but, seeing his look, her feeling changed. "Is it anything very wrong! Tell me—O, do tell me, if there is anything wrong with you."

"With me? O dear, no! It is only an affair of money; but unluckily I am short of cash, and I shan't know where to find even the hundred pounds, all that is needed."

"Ask my uncle."

"On no account; don't think of such a thing. He would suppose it some extravagance of—of mine."

"Of course you would tell him what it was for."

"But he is not obliged to believe what he is told," said Vaughan, musing aloud.

Caroline looked at him, in innocent astonishment.

"I'll tell you, Carry; *you* might help me—you might do me the greatest service."

"How? Tell me."

"You might lend me the money; you have as much in what you call your 'fund.' You told me so the other day."

"I will go and ask my uncle for it this minute." Caroline rose, blithely. "How glad I am —"

"Stop, Carry. If my uncle keeps it, if you have to ask him, it is as bad; it is out of the question."

"Dear Vaughan, why should it be impossible to ask him such a simple thing?"

"It is impossible; I will not do it. I will brave every difficulty, suffer every pain, sooner. Don't ask me why; it is enough that it is impossible." He looked at his watch. "In half-an-hour I must be off."

"How long shall you be away?"

"I cannot tell; I am almost distracted; I don't know which way to turn. Let me think."

He leaned his head down upon his two

clasped hands. His trouble and perplexity were evident, and Caroline's heart began to ache. She laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Vaughan, can't you tell me all about it?"

"It is another person's secret, which I must not betray, even to you. You won't wish it?"

"O no! But if I could only help you."

"Yes, Carry, I thought of you at once; but it is no use; since you can give no aid, my case is hopeless indeed. I depended on you."

"But are you sure I am so helpless?" cried she, eagerly, as thoughts and plans began revolving rapidly in her mind: "let us think; do try and think——"

"Stay!" Vaughan looked up at her suddenly. "What would you say if my uncle asked you for what purpose you wanted your money?"

"What should I say—what could I, but the truth? I must tell him it is for you."

"But supposing that is *not* the truth. If I want it for some one else—eh, Carry, don't you see?—my feelings and your conscience may be spared at once."

"I don't understand——" She hesitated.

"If you told my uncle you needed the sum for an immediate necessity—a charitable purpose—don't you think he would be satisfied?"

"Perhaps. But O, Vaughan! you don't mean—that you would wish—— Think again; you don't see clearly."

"Where would be the wrong? Who would be harmed? On the contrary, how much good would be done by this simple reticence—nothing more. You say nothing but what is true—only you do not tell the whole truth."

"But he knows I always tell him the whole truth. To speak as you say *would* be deceiving—or trying to deceive."

"You are misled by terms. Truth is valuable for its *effects*. In order to maintain peace and order, and for the better understanding between men, truth is a good and advisable thing; when, instead, it is likely to promote trouble, disorder, and ill-feeling, it is false principle to stickle for its maintenance."

She stood, hanging her head before him. His sophistries and his trouble together were

smiting violently at the gates of her heart. She so longed to believe him right—to be able to "help him." To think him "mistaken"—and her severest thought went no farther—was a sore pang. She was very young—all but a child, and alas! one who had not learned that wisdom transcending all logic, and rising superior to all cant of world experience—that simple but sufficient wisdom which is to be learned and received "as a little child." But the true instinct of her fresh and unwarped nature held her upright. She took Vaughan's hand, and looked into his face with her clear eyes steadfastly—"It would not be right—you will feel so too, presently."

Vaughan rose abruptly, breaking from her gentle hold. "It is nearly time; I must see my uncle before I go."

"O, if you would only ask him——"

"Pardon me; I have told you. Nay, Carry," for her pleading look would not be denied, "I am only sorry I have worried you and wasted my own time to no purpose. We only seem to misunderstand each other by talking. Let me go, dear; I'll come again as soon as I go out."

He did come again, after a very brief interview with Mr. Hesketh, who was at once satisfied, it seemed, by the cogent reasons Vaughan doubtless adduced for his sudden journey to London. But it was Caroline with a very different aspect that met him in the dining-room—Caroline, with a bright eager face, and a quivering smile—Caroline, bearing in her trembling hands a box, some twelve inches square, of ebony and pearl—a significant-looking box.

"O, Vaughan! the happiest thought came to me just after you had gone," she cried, as he entered the room, and while she hastily and tremulously disengaged a little golden key from her watch-chain. "You want money—I have n't money, but I have all these, which can be sold, and will be as good as money—won't they? Vaughan, won't they? and your friend can be helped, and all will be right. Look here!"

Tear-drops of sheer joy glistened in Caroline's eyes as she unlocked and opened the casket and displayed her treasures. They were not many, but were mostly of value. There they shone in their pretty velvet recesses—rings, bracelets, two or three brooches, and one dazzling ruby necklace.

"Will all these make up a hundred pounds, do you think?" she asked, anxiously, and looked up in his face for the answer.

Let it never be forgotten, in the record of Vaughan Hesketh's thoughts and deeds, that he was touched by the young girl's artless generosity; that his first impulse was to draw her to his side, and say, emphatically, meaning what he said, too, "Dear Carry, I won't touch them for the world! Keep your trinkets, you dear little soul, and I'll manage as best as I can."

"But how can you? Do take them—you don't know how glad I am!—and then all your trouble will be over."

He kissed her—this time without verbally deprecating her plan. He even looked with a half-calculating glance at the jewel-box. She went on, flushed with eagerness, "I shall think of you so happily after you are gone, if I know everything is right, and you are not going to be worried or miserable. Do take them!"

"Your jewels! I can't. Suppose my uncle should ask about them?"

"Some day I could tell him." Vaughan frowned. "Or," she went on, bright with a new idea, "could not you sell them as people do in books, and ask the man to keep them, and let us buy them back again some day."

He seemed struck by this suggestion.

"Think, Vaughan, could n't you?"

She urged him, with dewy eyes, and cheeks all flushed with earnestness. He listened, and glanced at the ornaments, and smiled on her, and pressed her hand to his lips many times.

And so it came to pass, that some ten minutes afterwards Caroline watched from her dressing-room window the departure of the carriage for the railway station. Vaughan sprang to his seat beside the lawyer-like gentleman, his visitor, and Vaughan held carefully under his arm a certain square brown paper parcel. He looked up at her window, waved his hand, and was no longer in her sight.

And then Caroline sat down and cried—what for she could never have told—for she was relieved, glad beyond expression. Everything was happily arranged, and Vaughan was to be back the next day but one. However, so it was—she cried heartily and long, and when she rose from her chair, and looked out of the window, the September twilight had shadowed everything, and with a flash the thought came into her mind, "It is too late now to go to Beacon's Cottage."

A knock at the door, and Miss Maturin's maid announced—"Miss Kendal has just come, miss, and is waiting to see you downstairs."

#### CHAPTER VII.

A LADY, dressed in black; middle-aged, of a dignified presence, with a calm face, neither handsome, nor remarkable for anything except a certain expression of quiet humor and equable self-possession, which was thoroughly womanly, although not often seen in women. This was the outside aspect of her who advanced a few steps to meet Caroline, took her for an instant into her arms, kissed her, and then let her go.

"Now sit down, and let me look at you comfortably."

She looked. Caroline smiled, but she could not hide either her embarrassment, or the traces of the tears she had just been copiously shedding. Both might have been detected by eyes of several degrees less acuteness than those keen but kindly ones of bluish grey which were now fixed upon her face. But the tongue was not so quick as the eyes.

"How is Mr. Hesketh?" was Miss Kendal's next utterance.

"Not well—he has been ailing for the last two or three weeks."

"Nothing serious, I hope?"

"At first it seemed only a cold; but it hangs about him very strangely. He is weak and languid—sometimes keeps his room for two or three days together. Dr. Barclay has attended him the last few days."

"The doctor! a tangible disorder, indeed," said Miss Kendal, gravely. "And you are nurse, I suppose?" she added, after a pause, looking at her again.

"Very little 'nursing' has been needed, nor, I trust, will be. I almost dread the word—it sounds like a real illness."

"Never mind what it sounds like, my dear; there are real things enough to dread, without taking words into the account. Be-



sides, I've been ill once in my life, and I think respectfully of nurses and nursing."

"How have you been all this while? You look very well."

"I am as I look. How are you?"

The emphasis on the pronoun, slight as it was, caused Caroline to color. She made the usual reply, that she was quite well.

"And what has been doing at Redwood? Anything happened? You must tell me all your news."

"We had a ball here on my last birthday."

"Come! — a promising beginning. Go on."

"And — Vaughan brought a visitor — a friend of his from London. You must have heard my uncle speak of Mr. Farquhar. His father was his old college companion, and he himself is now Vaughan's intimate friend."

"Vaughan Hesketh has left college, I suppose?"

"O yes! He was travelling on the Continent for six months, and has since been studying in London for a barrister."

"Ah! is he at Redwood now?"

"He has just gone to London — this very afternoon."

"Ah!"

Miss Kendal did not glance at the flushed face, with its traces of tears; she stirred the fire in silence.

"I ought to beg pardon," she observed, as she set the poker down. "I forgot I wasn't at home. It seems wonderfully natural sitting here with you opposite to me. You had better go on with Schiller's 'Wallenstein' — where we left off."

With all the dry, half-humorous manner and tone, there was a certain ring of pathos which Caroline felt magically. The latent tears sprung to her eyes again, and almost involuntarily, as if obeying some olden, long-lost, but resumed influence, she slipped from her chair, crouched on the hearth-rug, and leaned her head against Miss Kendal's knee. For a minute or two no notice was apparently taken, but then a hand — not a small, nor an especially delicate hand, but one of harmonious formation, and of an expressive physiognomy, so to speak — was laid on Caroline's soft hair, and rested there with a sort of steady content that was more eloquent than a score of ingeniously-varied caresses.

"Well, have you nothing more to tell me?"

"You have not said a word of yourself yet," said Caroline, in a low voice.

"One at a time, my dear; don't entangle affairs. After you have made your statement, like the man in the first scene of a French play, I'll enter and unroll my budget."

Caroline began twisting and untwisting the fringe of Miss Kendal's mantle. A silence.

"Do you find that assist you much?" asked the lady, peering down curiously. "I would by no means grudge even my best cape to such an end, but —"

"Ah! don't laugh at me," she cried, suddenly; and in a burst of candor she told that with which her thoughts were full — her engagement to Vaughan Hesketh.

Miss Kendal made no observation while she went on detailing many things that, her tongue once loosed, it was happiness for her to dwell on. At length she paused, and shyly glanced up at her companion's face.

"I suppose you are surprised?"

"My dear, I expected it — my dear, I expected it," said Miss Kendal, abruptly.

There was another pause. Caroline waited. At last the firm but gentle hands drew her head slightly back; the governess leaned over and kissed her pupil's forehead.

"God bless you, my dear child. Now," in quite a changed tone, "if you like, I will tell you my two-years' history."

And she immediately began her record. In not too many terse sentences, with some few graphic touches after her own peculiar style, Miss Kendal gave account of herself.

"*Et me voici!*" she concluded; "to keep up the histrionic fiction — *Après tant des souffrances*, &c. You know how it goes on."

"And you are established at Beacon's Cottage with all your family?"

"Not quite all. It reminds me of the story of Dr. —, 'As I and eleven of my daughters were crossing Piccadilly.' No, my dear, I and seven of my household (four children and three servants) are arrived. The remaining one — whom I have not seen for twelve years — comes in a day or two."

"Who is that?"

"A niece of Lady Camilla's who used to

live with her. She is a grown lady—a widow. Madame de Vigny is her name, for she married a French gentleman.”

“A widow! Then she is an old lady!”

“By no means; quite young. She married early.”

“But how is it she is to live with you?”

“She is not a pupil, as you will imagine, but many years ago I was her governess, and an old liking subsists between us, though we have not met since she was a child.”

“Then she is to be a visitor?”

“Yes; whenever she feels inclined to rusticate.”

“Well,” pursued Caroline, after a brief pause of consideration, “now for the others—the real pupils.”

“O, they are nice little things. The poor mother! It half broke her heart to part with them.”

“Why did she, then?”

“Well, I conclude it would have wholly broken it to part with her husband; and she had to choose between the two. It was a very painful business. However, the separation won’t be for long.”

“And Madame de Vigny will be of the family sometimes?”

“Sometimes; yes, she will be of ‘my family,’ as you call it. I like the term, it has an imposing sound,” remarked Miss Kendal. “I hope Blanche will be a pleasant companion for you, Caroline; and for me also.”

Caroline mused, and then smiled to herself, recognizing the half-jealous tone of her own thoughts respecting Miss Kendal’s “pleasant companion.” For it was Caroline’s not uncommon characteristic that, loving very few, she could ill brook any interference with her monopoly of those few. It was no wonder, for as yet she had been little tried in that hardest exercise of unselfishness, which enables some women not only to endure, but be content, to see their best beloved finding happiness away from them, and independent of them.

Miss Kendal was likewise thoughtful. It startled them both when the door opened, and Mr. Hesketh entered the room, wrapped in a dressing-gown, with his white hair showing silverly under the purple velvet cap which Caroline had daintily made and embroidered for him. He was leaning on his

servant’s arm, and walked feebly. Caroline sprang up, and was at his side in an instant. Miss Kendal rose, wheeled the great chair closer to the fire, and placed the footstool ready. And when the old gentleman was seated comfortably, she took his outstretched hand in both of hers, with cordial kindness shining in every feature of her face.

“This makes our group complete,” she declared, as she and Caroline re-seated themselves, one on each side of him; “we must have the chess-board out, and Caroline must learn her lessons on the ottoman, and everything must be as it used to be.”

But, after she had spoken, and looked at the old man, her face changed; her eyes took a new expression, as they rested first on the old, worn face, and then on the fresh, blooming aspect of the young girl beside him.

“He is so picturesque to behold,” said Caroline, fondly stroking the soft folds of his brilliant robe, of Indian pattern and coloring; “he looks like a gentleman who has come down especially to do a lady honor.”

“I am very glad to see Miss Kendal,” said Mr. Hesketh.

And they began to talk of many things. He was principally a listener, for talking did not appear to be very easy to him, and he leaned back in his chair, as if rest was a luxury that he appreciated to the utmost.

It was not till Caroline, summoned from the room to see some poor pensioner from the village, had left them together, that Mr. Hesketh appeared to rouse himself from his thoughts, and at once broke in upon the subject that had been occupying them, apparently, at least, till then.

“Caroline has told you all our news, I I suppose—of the engagement—of my losses?”

No; Caroline had forgotten all about the business details. Miss Kendal had heard of no losses.

“It was her own loss, poor child. Her money was principally invested in some mines, in which I also had embarked a considerable sum, which I intended for Caroline. There is the fatal mischief of not being a man of business,” cried the old man, passionately; “why did they leave the child’s fortune in my helpless hands? I understood

nothing of these mines; I knew nothing of the chances and changes of such things. My old brains have failed me, I believe. All the shrewdness and clear sight I once possessed have no longer existence. I was bewildered—overwhelmed—struck down—when I heard the news. The whole affair was smashed a month ago. I had the news the day after her birth-day. My poor little girl!"

He stopped, fancying Caroline had come into the room again. Miss Kendal re-assured him.

"Then, you know, after the first shock, I began to consider that, although this part of my property was gone, I still had Redwood. And though I wished Redwood to descend intact to a Hesketh, and used to have some sort of pride about the estate going with the name, there were some other considerations that swamped all that at once. Don't you understand? I could n't leave her future doubtful or precarious, for all the family pride in Christendom."

"And that's a great deal," observed his listener. "My dear sir, I appreciate your feeling, believe me. Most men, I'm afraid, would sooner sacrifice their religion, to say nothing of a niece or two, than offer a slight to the smallest corner of their escutcheon."

"You may judge," went on the old gentleman, having taken breath, "what a relief it was to me to find all the difficulty settled for me. When I came to speak to Vaughan——"

"Ah! what did you say to him?"

"Well, I had never taught him to look upon himself as a rich man. He had always understood that his heritage was conditional. I had taken care that his education should prepare him for either position. He is studying for a barrister, and would not be thrown on the world without resources. Don't you understand?" And again he appealed to Miss Kendal. She nodded. "Still, I had made my will years ago, by which Redwood descended to him, and in a codicil added afterwards, I left to Caroline all the property in those—those infernal mines. It is not worth a hundred pounds now."

"And you said to your nephew——"

"I told him the whole state of the case. I was in a good deal of trouble. The thing

knocked me over. I told him everything; I told him that Redwood must be settled on Caroline; that he must trust to his own talents, and the little money it would be in my power to leave him; I told him—all this, you know."

"And he replied——"

"By telling me that he and Caroline loved one another! I was astonished: for somehow, of late years, my old wishes and plans had faded away. It seemed natural, when first Caroline came here, to look forward, and fancy; but afterwards, I settled that I was a match-making old fool for my pains; these things *never* happen as we wish. You see I was wrong. It all came about even more favorably than I could have hoped."

"It was wonderfully opportune, indeed. You never suspected their attachment?"

"By no means. Vaughan has been so much away, that he had hardly seen anything of Caroline since she was almost a child. But they were always excellent friends, from the very first."

"O, I know," said Miss Kendal, biting her lip, meditatively. "And so, under the new light of this happy state of things, you arranged——"

"Everything is left as before. Redwood, descending to Vaughan, descends to Caroline also. The old will may stand. There is no need to make a division of property between a man and his wife. Don't you see?" said the poor old gentleman, looking anxiously up at her, passing his hand with a weary gesture across his forehead. "Don't you understand?—it is all quite right now, and nobody will be wronged."

Miss Kendal glanced at the gray head, smiled kindly, then relapsed into thought again.

"And your old mistrust of Vaughan does not, of course, exist?" she asked, more hesitatingly than was her wont to speak; "you have had no cause for discontent respecting his conduct, since you paid his college debts, three years ago?"

"Let me see; we spoke about that. He said—he said he had been in no embarrassments since. He assured me so, solemnly, when I asked him. Because, you know, I could neither have my niece made miserable nor Redwood ruined by a spendthrift," said the old gentleman, with something like fire

flashing in his eyes. "No, no; if Vaughan were not worthy—if I were not entirely satisfied that Vaughan is worthy—he should have neither."

"When does Vaughan return from London?" was Miss Kendal's next, somewhat abrupt question; "and on what business has he gone?"

"On some affairs—I forget exactly what; but he told me—he told me, before he went. Some affairs——"

But Caroline entered, and the old man stopped precipitately, and looked at her fresh, girlish face, with embarrassment and fondness mingled very strangely, and even pathetically, in his worn, withered features.

"Come," cried Miss Kendal's cheerful voice, cleaving the mist of restraint like a west wind, clear, and blithe, and keen;—"come to your old place, Caroline, and let us have the old group round the fire. This

is pleasant—this is comfortable! I need not go back for two hours yet, and at present I am at home."

"We only want the chess-board," said Caroline, half turning to fetch it.

But Miss Kendal detained her rather hastily. "Not to-night, my dear. We'll sit and talk, for to-night."

So they sat by the fireside, they three. The white-haired old man, leaning back in his chair, sometimes looking up, and saying a word or two, but oftener with drooping head, and eyes half closed, and hands locked together before him. Miss Kendal, fresh colored, and especially vital of aspect as she always was, sat opposite; and between them, her arm flung across her uncle's knee, and her head lightly leaning against Miss Kendal, was Caroline, young, blooming, fair, and unconscious.

1736. WHEN the bill against spirituous liquors was past, the people "at Norwich, Bristol, and other places, as well as at London, made themselves merry on the death of Madam Gin, and some of both sexes got soundly drunk at her funeral, for which the mob made a formal procession, but committed no outrages." Riots were apprehended in the metropolis, so that a "double guard for some days mounted at Kensington: the Guard at St. James' and the Horse Guards at Whitehall were reinforced, and a detachment of the Life Guards and Horse Grenadiers paraded Covent Garden, &c." But there was no disturbance. "To evade the act, the brandy shops in High Holborn, St. Giles', Tothill Street, Rosemary Lane, Shore Ditch, the Mint, Kent Street, &c., sold drams under the names of Sangree, Tow-row, Cuck-old's Comfort, Parliament Gin, Bob, Make Shift, the Last Shift, the Ladies' Delight, the Balk, King Theodore of Corsica, Cholic, and Gripe Waters, &c."—*London Magazine*, Oct., 1736.

"By the first week of January in the next year after the act past, forty-seven persons were convicted of this offence, of whom twenty-eight paid the fine, the rest had moved on their goods; eleven more convicted on the 11th of the month, and several afterwards."—*London Magazine*, Jan., 1737, p. 50.

A REMARKABLE affair has occurred in the town of Bedford, England. In consequence of a room in a house having been fumigated with sulphur

to kill vermin, and some wood-work having caught fire, many of the articles in the house have been destroyed by spontaneous combustion, as many as thirty fires breaking out in the course of one day. A Coroner's Jury assembled to inquire into one of these fires. Two medical men expressed an opinion that the sulphurous fumes, in connection with the gas of the charred wood, had charged the entire house with inflammable gas, which in some cases by friction, in others by electricity, had been from time to time ignited. The matter seems worthy of the attention of chemical philosophers.

"THE first poplar-pine (or, as they have since been called, Lombardy poplar) planted in England was at Park Place (Henley upon Thames) on the bank of the river near the great arch. It was a cutting brought from Turin by the late Lord Rochford in his carriage, and planted by General Conway's own hand."—*Notes to Horace Walpole's Letters*, vol. III. p. 355.

1751. THE Duchess of Somerset, describing her manner of life, says, "At three we dine, sit perhaps an hour afterwards, then separate till we meet at eight for prayers." In 1753 she says, "at three the dinner is punctually upon the table. Dinner and tea are both over by five, when we retire till eight."—*Hull's Select Letters*, vol. I, pp. 166-168.

Had tea been introduced into her family in this interval?



From Chambers' Journal.  
PSEUDONYMS.

Is nothing is a commodity of good names so desirable as in the title of a book. Authors have sometimes been more puzzled in getting a good serviceable appellation for their work than in writing it. Walter Scott himself was reduced to the unmeaning monotony of personal names in the utter impossibility of discovering a better mode of identification. Rob Roy had already a sort of reputation, and people who had either read Wordsworth's ballad, or otherwise knew of the Scottish freebooter, had some little inkling of what they had to expect. But *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, *Quentin Durward*, what ideas did they suggest? Who can gather anything of interest, date, incident, manners, or situation from the mere advertisement of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *David Copperfield*, or *Little Dorrit*? Nay, before the appearance of the first number, who could tell what *Little Dorrit* was! Was it a village like Chewton Parva?—or the district of a great city, like Little Britain?—or the diminutive for some gigantic Dorothy?—or the pet name of a dog?—or, finally, was it man, woman, or child? The world had its choice of all these and many more suppositions besides. But in these instances, as in those of the equally famous novels of the last century, their own immortality invests them with such fitness and propriety that no other title would seem equally appropriate. There appears something actually Shandean in the name of Shandy itself. Tom Jones, by any other name, might have been a Methodist preacher, and Robinson Crusoe never have had a thought of the sea. And this eternal fitness of things holds good of the names of the subordinate personages of the tale, no less than of the title of the book. Just observe how the whole continuity of the story is destroyed, if for a moment, and by a painful effort of the will, you think of Crusoe's companion as his man Saturday, Monday, Wednesday! It is evident nothing will do but Friday. You might as well talk of John Bull as Thomas—a thing altogether impossible and absurd. But this is only the case in works of super-eminent skill. As to Lady Edith Brabazon de Belcour, in the *Fashion and Passion* of a distinguished authoress of the present day, you will see at once that she would be equally noble, equally witty,

and equally fascinating, if she were Lady Ariana Plantagenet Harroville. Now try Die Vernon. Could she ride, could she talk, could she win as Selina Danvers? Would n't she have been masculine in a hat, forward in manner, coarse in mind, if she had not been Diana the pure and elevated, Vernon the high born and graceful? So with Bailie Nicol Jarvie—no other signature could have recalled the glories of the Saltmarket with half the force. Could Bailie Jarvie without the Christian name have done it?—could Bailie Nicol without the surname? It was necessary that the whole man should be presented to us in all his individuality and strength of existence, and we feel in a moment that this could only be done by the combination of those names. Call him Smith, what is he? No kinsman of Rob Roy, no magistrate of Glasgow; no, not if Walter Scott had produced his baptismal register and his appointment to the bench from the books of the town-council.

But people make the most astonishing efforts not to display in the title-page the contents and subjects of their books, but to conceal them; nay, to mislead the unwary observer into the purchase of a volume for which he has no possible use. An immense work was published many years ago and duly advertised under the name of *Nimrod*. Here was a disquisition evidently upon the sports of the field, the rise of hunting, the descent into harriers, creeping downward even so low as coursing. Still the work would be interesting; and a Suffolk squire or Forfarshire laird got possession of the sporting tome with much expectation of instruction on the breed of dogs and the best way of preserving the fox. But what does he see? A most deep, erudite, and unintelligible inquiry into the building of the Tower of Babel, the confusion of tongues, the spread of peoples and languages—an omnigatherum of philology, archaeology, divinity, ethnology, and grammar, in all its chaotic origin and provincial developments. Was it not nearly akin to obtaining money under false pretences?

In the same manner, there has lately been a book not a little talked of in London, by the name of *Judkin's Moods*.\* Mr. Judkin, the author, is already well known as a

\* London: Longmans. 1856.

scholar and a painter, an eloquent preacher and excellent man. Has he joined the Lathams and Trenches in their inquiries into the English verb?—has he set his talents to work on the subjunctive?—has he thrown any new light on the imperative or indicative? Let us get the book, and become intimate with the history and genealogy of our parts of speech. Wonder on wonder again! It is a volume of sonnets!—but sonnets so refined in composition, so poetical in idea, and so various in subject, that they are worth a whole library of pamphlets on the wretched components of “to be” or “to have.” This, on the other hand, is bestowing a real benefit under a false address. Can anything be more pleasing in the way of surprise, than to open a book, expecting an explanation of why the imperfect has both a present and a partly past signification, and to come on a *Lake Picture* like this?

“One morn awaking at a long-sought place,  
Whereto my steps had come the yesternight,  
Bent on my favorite sport and dear delight,  
The same which Walton loved, whose placid  
face

Spake him the gentlest of a gentle race—  
Awakening early, ere a mountain height  
Was reddened by the sunbeam, met my sight  
An image of pure beauty and of grace.  
For lo! before my window, jutting far  
Over the sheeted water, lay asleep  
In her own lustrous shadow still and deep,  
A milk-white swan! While yet one lingering  
star

Stood over her, as loath its eye to take  
From that fair creature of the silent lake.”

There are moods of the mind in these pages speaking a more touching language than Lindley Murray ever dreamed of, recalling landscapes worthy of Claude or Turner, and showing how, in the hands of a true master of his art, the simplest incident can awaken “thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

Another marvel! We are political—though of no particular party, being open to the best offers from any side, say the governorship of India, or, by way of a gentle sinecure, the embassy to Washington—and we have a great respect for departed statesmen. On a bookstall at the railway station we see a nice little volume, evidently full of statistics and diplomacy, parliamentary debates, and the struggles of a great mind to break loose from the trammels of faction; for on the back of it is written in large gold

letters the name of “Peel.” Ah! how charming it will be to go over again the grand story of the rise and final triumph of an honest man!—the emancipation—the reform—the corn-laws—and then the fatal close that left Britannia without a pilot at the helm, “when the winds whistled and the billows roared.” Honest man?—great statesman?—matchless pilot? It is no such thing! It is the collected poems of Edmund Peel,\* one of the sweetest and gentlest minstrels that ever sang in lighted hall, or soothed the ear of beauty in her secret bower. A spirit of Christian charity breathes over all these charmed lines. Listening to sentiments like these, who can trouble himself about the wordy war in St. Stephen’s, the statecraft and electioneering, and speechifying and mystifying even of the greatest of English ministers? O, fortunati agricolæ! he says, to the happy inhabitants of the “Fair Island,” which humbler describers call the Isle of Wight:

“Fortunate ye! who here a refuge find!

Who in the light of a beloved eye,  
In the calm haven of an equal mind,  
Content in quietude to live and die,  
Dwell unimproved and build your hope on  
high!

Who, when the powers of storm and darkness  
smite

The deep, and shadows overcast the sky,  
Draw from the dreamy caves of sound and  
sight

Voices of dulcet tone and visions of delight!

“Fortunate ye! who those fine cells employ  
To treasure duly all this earth displays  
Of beauty, and of bounty, and of joy;  
Who to the Giver of all good upraise  
The homage of the heart, continual praise!  
Happy are ye, who note in tint and tone  
A natural harmony; who feel the rays  
Of light and glory over nature thrown  
On leaf, and fruit, and flower, on stream and  
sparkling stone!”

Worst and most audacious impostor of all—brazen as a sturdy gaberlunzie at a farmhouse door when all the men are in the field, and only granny and the maid are left in the deserted kitchen—unprincipled as a begging-letter writer, with his wife in the scarlet fever, and three children lying unburied in the house—here comes a captivating-looking little volume, bearing on its shield the irresistible title, *Guide to the Knowledge of Life*.† Aha! now we are

\* London: Rivingtons. 1866.

† London: Jarrold and Sons. 1856.

armed against the tricks of the ring, the swindlings of the betting-stand. How do the Casinos get on?—is the Divan well frequented?—how about Cremorne and the Coal Hole? What a pity this indispensable friend of the Spoon and best companion of the Pump was not written in the time of Moses Primrose, before his remarkable purchase of the spectacles! This is the true simpleton's protector—this, sir, is the shortest way to the knowledge of life. There isn't a word about tobacco, or Epsom, or Tattersall's, from beginning to end. The book is by Dr. Robert James Mann, one of the scientific teachers of the time; sound in knowledge, earnest in purpose, and, above all writers on intricate subjects, gifted with wonderful power of explanation and description. So, let us be serious while we take a glance at the sort of life of which he opens to us some of the secrets, and examine what is the kind of knowledge this compendium of learning and science conveys.

Beginning with the lowest forms of organized matter, the tale is evolved before us with the clearness of the most lucid order, and the interest of a novel, of the gradual processes conducting to the highest developments of animated nature—the human frame, the operations of the mind, and, finally, to decay and death. The life we are taught in this little volume is the life we live; and there is allusion also to the house we live in, the furnishing of all the rooms, and, above all, the mysterious domestic economy of the immortal tenant. Whatever requires to be known of the portions of the body, their functions and uses, the best means for their sustentation and healthful action, is here displayed and intelligible at a glance. The book is a manual of anatomy, physiology, and regimen, all in one. Then the analogies between the plant and animal are clearly pointed out; the different qualities of food, the reason of their varying effects: nothing is omitted which can either gratify the curiosity or inform the mind. Never, surely, was temperance lecture more potent than the philosophical analysis of the causes and effects of intoxication contained under the heading “Drink.” Not that Dr. Mann is so churlish as to forbid the use of fermented liquors entirely; but he well fixes the boundary beyond which the convivialist shall not pass without having

heavy expiation to pay for his excess. “When the blood is kept charged with alcohol,” he says, “this principle acts *at first* as a powerful excitement to most of the vital organs; but as it is an unnatural and superfluous ingredient of the blood, and is not wanted there, nature hastens to get rid of the noxious intruder as rapidly as she can. She does this by resolving it into carbonic acid and water, and by then pouring these out through the lungs.” It is perfectly wonderful how rapidly alcohol is removed from the system in this way. When, however, the alcohol is introduced more rapidly than it can be got rid of, the blood becomes more and more charged with it, and then the alcoholized blood tells upon every part of the frame: the heart begins to beat more quickly and more strongly; the skin grows hot, and exhales abundance of perspiration; the secreting organs pour out more of their ordinary productions than they usually do; the features grow flushed, the eyes brighten, and the powers of the mind are quickened.” But let the social indulger beware. “The intellectual powers are deranged under the stimulant influence of alcohol, before any of the more material functions of the body are much interfered with. The cerebral masses of the brain are of more exquisite organization, are more freely supplied with blood, than the other parts of the body; hence, if the blood be kept charged with alcohol, the quickened thought that is at first produced is changed into confusion. Ideas flow very freely, and gain expression in words, but those words now become foreign to the purpose, and follow each other rapidly and incoherently. The highest faculties of the mind, those of intellect and will, become suspended, even while faculties a degree lower are only roused and excited. Alcohol attaches itself to brain-substance with peculiar avidity. Animals have had a quantity of spirits poured down their throats, and have then been killed soon afterwards, in order that the effect may be examined; and it has been found that there has been considerably more alcohol in their brains than in any other portion of their body, of equal size.” The dread story is traced to its terrible ending—through the languor and depression which follow the excitement, to the period when the intellectual powers are entirely destroyed for the time; when the sensorial

powers are suspended and placed in abeyance, till drunkenness has its final consummation, and the dishonored grave receives its unconscious guest.

"The fourth stage of intoxication is death.

Whether a man recovers from the insensibility of intoxication or not, depends upon the accident of his having swallowed a few drops more or less of the poison, under the load of which all his higher vital privileges are crushed for the time. It only needs that a little more alcohol should be accumulated in the blood, and the spinal cord will be rendered inactive under its stupefying presence, as well as the sensory and intellectual organs; and then the play of the chest, which is kept up by its influence, will be stilled, respiration will cease, venous blood will be

sent in addition to the alcohol to where arterial blood ought to flow, and a few failing throbs of the heart will end the life that has been prized so lightly and thrown away so guiltily."

How uniform are the lessons which wisdom teaches, whether furnished from the stores of religion or of science! In this volume, professing to be a guide to the simple scholar, are graspings at the highest and noblest objects of human inquiry, which would task the wisest of our philosophers. If issued in another form, and with more pretentious announcement, it would place Dr. Mann on the same level with some of our highest scientific names. As it is, the modesty of his pretension masks the man, as his title masks his book.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.—In the *Memoirs of Mrs. Fitzherbert* by the Hon. Charles Langdale, lately published, there is the following quotation from the above song:

"I'd crowns resign  
To call thee mine,  
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill!"

And it is stated, upon the authority of the late Lord Stourton, that the song was written to celebrate the charms of the above lady. With all due deference to his lordship's opinion, I consider this to be a mistake, and I beg to enumerate two or three other individual ladies, for whom it has been asserted it was compiled. A Miss Smith, who resided on the Hill near the Terrace, at the period when the song first appeared, had the general reputation of being the person for whom it was designed. The Rev. Thomas Maurice published *Richmond Hill*, a poem, in which, under the name of Mira, he introduces a Miss Cropp as the Lass of Richmond Hill, who committed suicide for her lover on the 22nd April, 1782; but this has been regarded merely as poetic fiction with regard to the song. Another account we have, in *Personal Sketches of his own Times*, by Sir Jonah Barrington, vol. II. pp. 47-52, in this it is stated Mr. Leonard MacNally wrote the song on a Miss Janson, daughter of Mr. Janson, a rich attorney of Bedford Row, Bloomsbury, who had a country house on Richmond Hill. There were great obstacles to his marrying her, but perhaps from making the lady the theme of his poetry, and being also the author of *Robin Hood*, a comic opera of great merit, he ultimately obtained her hand. But notwithstanding all these authorities, I am inclined to think

the song was not intended for any particular person, but written by Mr. Wm. Upton, author of *Poems on several Occasions*, 8vo., 1788, and *A Collection of Songs sung at Vauxhall*, and who was the poet of Vauxhall Gardens, 1788-1789. I believe it first appeared in the *Public Advertiser* of Monday, Aug. 3, 1789, where it is stated to be a favorite song sung by Mr. Incedon at Vauxhall, and composed by Mr. Jas. Hook (the father of Theodore). It is said Incedon sang the song in such a fascinating manner that it led to a superior and permanent engagement at Covent Garden Theatre, as, after the season of 1789, he never again appeared at Vauxhall. — *Notes and Queries*.

1755. WOLFE says to his sick mother—"You shall laugh at my short red hair as much as you please. I'm sure you would smile now, if you saw me as I am with the covering that nature has given me."

This marks the time when wigs were left off.

THERE is a man now living (1828) who remembers a circular fruit wall at Shirburne Hospital (Durham), the wall with the fruit trees and consequently the bed of earth wherein they were planted being movable, so that the trees might be turned to the sun, or removed from an unfavorable wind.

"WHEN Whalley edited Ben Jonson, the theatres opened at four o'clock, and there was a third music before the play began."—*Gifford's Ben Jonson*, vol. II. p. 11.



From Titan.

## A STUDENT'S STORY.

No, no; I shall never see Wales again. I *could* not return to it; for I have to reproach myself with having stupidly, heedlessly, and I now feel culpably, thrown away such a chance of fortune as occurs to no man twice in his life. I can call up its exquisite scenery as vividly as ever before my mental vision, and can still enjoy it in imagination; but, unless my thoughts and feelings greatly change, a deep repugnance will ever prevent my setting foot within the principality.

The constitution of what are called Cambridge reading-parties is now pretty well known throughout Great Britain. A set of young men, varying in number from three or four to eight or nine, according to the physical strength or greed of gain possessed by the gentleman whom they engage as tutor, agree with a successful graduate, of repute and standing in the university, to go with him during the long vacation to some pleasant and tolerably quiet spot, where he devotes an hour a-day to the tuition of each, and prepares them for examination for their degree by and by. The plan has many advantages. When a knot of well-assorted and gentlemanly persons are thus associated under the auspices of a judicious instructor, there are many opportunities of pleasant excursionizing and useful observation, besides quite as much leisure for study and hard mathematical work as moderately ambitious men need wish for. The localities selected for these summer sojourns lie mostly in distant and secluded districts, such as Devonshire, the Lakes, Derbyshire, or the Highlands of Scotland; but it is evident that many an inviting little town is deficient in the requirements that are indispensable necessities to such a peculiar body of temporary colonists. One summer, whose date I wish to leave undetermined, I engaged a tutor for my second long vacation; and our party, meeting in committee at his rooms in college, to make mutual acquaintance and discuss future movements, agreed that North Wales should be our destination, and that we would all meet on a certain Saturday at Hargelly, to begin reading with our chief the Monday following. None of us had ever been even within the boundaries of Wales, much less as far as Hargelly, which was near the coast; and in our common ignorance of the accommodation to be met with there, it was resolved that we would establish a dinner-mess at the principal inn, but that for private lodging—for the bedroom and study, which was all that each individual wanted—we would follow the old and general rule of "first come, first served," as a spur to any

dilatory members who might be tempted to make a tardy arrival.

I forget the cause of the delay—some chance affair of trifling importance—but I was the very last of the party who made his appearance at the rendezvous. Everybody else was charmingly suited with apartments to his taste, but there was no discoverable resting-place for me. One had secured a window looking down upon the river, from which he could angle in his dressing-gown. Another had found up a cosy old landlady, who promised him trout for breakfast every morning, without his taking the trouble to catch them himself. A third had pitched his tent in the principal street, and his study looked down upon the only milliner's shop in the town—would not that afford a delightful recreation, whenever binomial theorems and integral calculus grew tiresome? A fourth had secured a sitting-room and bedroom commanding lovely and extensive views, both up and down the noble valley, wherein, he said, he could sketch and study effects of distance for a twelvemonth, without stirring a step, besides making social and natural historical observations, through the achromatic Dolland he had brought in his portmanteau. And our tutor, who was severely bitten with a geological mania, thought himself the happiest of men, in the possession of a couple of gloomy apartments, whence nothing could be seen but a huge and noisy slate quarry, the reflected darkness from whose inky sides gave his lodgings the air of a "lying in state." The terms of our mess were arranged at the hotel; the only question relating to our club that still remained unsettled and unsolved was, where that poor behind-hand fellow Wilson should be put out of the way. Many were the jokes I had to bear, some of them not very brilliant ones. They said I was a sequel to the "Undying One," and the other "Ones;" and they would have voted me the title of the "Superfluous One," had I not already consented to act as "vice" at dinner, being the only man out of all those learned Cantabs who was capable of carving a leg of mutton. They, however, added, with proper clan feeling, that if, after every praiseworthy endeavor, poor Wilson could really find neither hammock nor writing-table to let in Hargelly, they must hang together as a reading-party ought, and migrate in a body to the nearest convenient place. But I told them I preferred making some little sacrifice of my own personal and private comforts, to unsettling so large a majority of the body; and the landlord of our dinner-mess, on catching a hint of the idea that we might quit, insisted that it could not possibly be entertained. I said, that if there were no accom-

modation for me in the town, I should not mind being at a little distance out of it (I, too, had my whimsies and hobbies, as well as the heroes of the fishing-rod, the sketch-book, and the geological hammer); that, as I could not exist without rambling, but would walk any two of the others off their legs in a week, some farmhouse perched close to the unclosed uplands, or some wayside little inn at the junction of two or three roads and streams, might please me better than Hargelly itself, if it were not so utterly far away as to render my hour of tuition, and my office at the bottom of the mess-table, hopeless impossibilities.

The hotel-keeper's countenance brightened at this speech. He could not absolutely promise, he said, but he thought he knew of the very thing. If I would accompany him at once to Llanellnig, he would speak to his acquaintance, Owen Jones, and endeavor to get me a lodging there. There was plenty of room, a charming situation, with every comfort, and I should be sure to like it. He only feared that, with all my fondness for locomotion, I might find it perhaps a little too far; and Jones, though wealthy, with a still richer wife, was also avaricious, and might ask too much. But it would all depend on Mrs. Jones. She and her husband did not get on too well together; and then she had a will of her own. If Jones would like to receive a lodger, she might not perhaps refuse to entertain him, although he might not take her fancy. But if she was determined to grant hospitality to a stranger, not all the Joneses in Wales could prevent her. She was a peculiar woman; a good woman, too.

We immediately started on horseback for Llanellnig, because it was desirable that our party should feel themselves settled, in order to get our mathematical machinery into its regular routine of grinding so many hours a day. We had a luxurious ride up the vale of Hargelly. A noble road, planned and constructed by one of the ablest engineers that Great Britain can boast of, skirting a roaring, rushing salmon stream, commanded here the naked purple mountain, there the green copse, through which protruded isolated masses of cold gray rock. Suddenly we turned off to the right, by a good but still inferior road, up a narrow valley, subsidiary to the main one, and quite unsuspected till you come to its opening. Down this a heather-tinted brook danced and leaped from stone to stone. The glen was a curious combination of scenery. On the side looking to the north, in deep shadow, were sheer precipices of almost black rock; while the bank of the stream along which the road ran, embellished with dog-roses, foxglove and heath, sloped up-

wards with a gentle declivity, covered with the brightest imaginable verdure, and basking in uninterrupted sunshine. It was not one monotonous surface of green; but knolls, and hollows, and clumps of hazle, with single trees of mountain ash and birch, were scattered irregularly from the foot of the hill to the heights where it joined the craggy mountain. Flocks of sheep and grazing cattle dotted far overhead the gleaming pasture. The scene, in my eyes, was one of enchantment, fascinating me with all the charm of novelty. Still, we had already ridden a considerable distance; could I traverse it daily on foot?

Soon, the object of our search was visible. It was a good farmhouse of solid construction, but low in proportion to the ground it covered. Every convenient appurtenance was attached to it — garden, stables, orchards, and outbuildings. We drew near, and alighted at the garden gate. A thick-set man, in a farming dress, made his appearance from behind a tall privet hedge. He was built for strength in all his members; but it was a loose, shambling sort of strength; with enormously muscular legs and thighs, but knock-kneed; with brawny arms, that looked as if they had been dislocated at the shoulders, and between which was stuck a large round head, pceptibly wry-necked; with bushy black eyebrows, small gray eyes, elephantine ears, splay feet, and huge mis-shapen hands — he suggested the idea of an abortive or broken-down giant. He was about fifty-five or sixty years of age, with a hoarse, husky, guttural voice. The portrait is not flattering. I cannot help it. It was Owen Jones himself who stood before me.

Our host of Hargelly introduced me as a young gentleman in search of a summer retreat, who was so eccentric as to prefer the secluded glen to all the delights of the market town. Jones looked at me, and started, as if he had trodden on a viper — me, whom he had never seen before in his life. "Richard," he shouted, "put these horses into the stable for a few minutes, while I talk with the gentlemen here." Richard shook hands with my travelling companion; but he needed no formal introduction to announce who and what he was. With a duller eye and a heavier countenance, he was Owen Jones himself in the second edition — and that, too, without emendations and improvements. He also exhibited similar tokens of astonishment at beholding me, though he did not give way to such a vehement burst of surprise, when I made him my bow.

The elder Jones, recovering from his first emotion, inspected my looks with cool curi-

osity. I supposed at the time that he was merely excited by the sight of a young Sassenach, or Saxon; and I could not feel offended at being stared at in the character of an interesting foreigner. In a few moments he was satisfied, and seemed to have come to some consoling conclusion. He entered into the business of our visit, inquired my name and family connections, boasted of his own independent means, and at last named a sum per week—much too high—for which I could have what I required at his house. That was his view of the case, he said; but I had better speak to Mrs. Jones. My payments would have to be made to him; but still it might be more comfortable to all parties, if she made no objection to my lodging at Llanellnig. I hesitated at this extortionate proposal, but he affected to take no notice of it. "Peggy," he bawled in at an open window, "tell your mother-in-law a Sassenach wants to speak to her." He then, without any apology or leave-taking, turned his back upon us, to continue the employment he had left.

The female addressed as Peggy made no answer; but she soon appeared at the porch, and invited us in. She too evinced embarrassment and surprise as she stared at me with wondering eyes. She also quickly came to some private decision in her mind; and, quietly conducting us across the entrance hall, opened a door, saying, "This is Mrs. Jones' parlor;" and immediately left us to ourselves.

As we entered, there advanced to meet us an elderly woman, below the middle height, and of slight, spare figure. She was dressed in a gown of so dark a purple, that most people would have called it black, which strongly contrasted with the whiteness of her neckerchief and cap. A profusion of gray and curling hair broke forth in clustering ringlets from beneath the last-named article of dress. These, and the sombre hue of her gown, prevented your observing at first that she was slightly deformed in shape, though she walked erect, and with remarkable ease and lightness. Her eyes were large, dark brown, rather wild, and highly expressive; her face was sallow and colorless, full of small wrinkles, that were invisible at a little distance, and of that class which, though never beautiful, might have been extremely pleasing in youth.

She received the Hargelly landlord affably, and then she offered her hand to me. In a moment she seemed as if seized with a fit of hallucination; she took me, with affectionate earnestness, by both hands, pressing them in hers; she stared at me with bewildered curiosity; shook her head, burst into tears; and then left the room abruptly. I began to

doubt whether I myself were in my right senses or not, and to suspect that the fatigue and hurry of travelling had caused some feverish delusion to flit through my brain. "They are a singular set of people," my host observed, in apology; "but this beats all I ever saw or heard of them."

He was about to inquire what decision I was likely to come to after this scene, when Mrs. Jones re-entered, restored to calmness. She set before us, with her own hands, an impromptu luncheon of first-rate quality, which our morning ride made very acceptable. During the discussion of this, my object had been stated to her by our friend. She listened attentively, approvingly, and at last with great interest. Certainly, she said, I should be welcome at Llanellnig, all summer long, and longer. This latter clause had not in the least entered into my plans. She would easily arrange everything for my convenience. There was my bedroom, facing the garden to the south, and my study, with no other interruption from without than the waterfall which shot over the edge of the opposite precipice, all comfortably fitted up, exactly as it was prepared, two years ago, to — Here tears began to flow; but she checked them, with an effort. In short, no free choice was left me. She seemed to take it for granted that she had the power to kidnap me, and keep me prisoner. Still I held back and hesitated, disliking the compulsory tone of the proposal; and stating, in excuse, that the terms mentioned by her husband were far too high; that, though my allowance from home was sufficient, my friends would be displeased at any extravagant expenditure in so cheap a country as Wales was reported to be; and that the distance to Hargelly on foot every day, though so delightful a walk to take now and then, would effectually prevent my rambling elsewhere. To avoid being further pressed, I said I would send my answer early next morning; but I had as good as determined in my own mind that, all things considered, Llanellnig was incompatible not only with my pursuits and duties, but apparently with my comforts and pleasures.

Mrs. Jones was satisfied—or rather was compelled by politeness to pretend to be so; for her manners were of a totally different class to those of her husband and her step children. I could see, by sundry indications, that there was some strong desire and sudden determination at work within her, though not expressed in outward words. We rose and left; I promising the lady her final answer, and thanking her for her present kindness. She had a difficulty in taking leave of me, without again giving vent to her feelings.

We rode back much less gaily than we had come. The unsatisfactoriness of being without a home, though even a temporary one, weighed upon my mind; the possible loss of a daily dinner party oppressed the spirits of the master of the Merioneth Arms. We said little, and jog-trotted back, instead of alternating the luxuries of a walk and a gallop. When we were within half-a-mile of Hargelly, we heard some one following us at a rattling pace. I turned to look. It was a shaggy Welsh boy, riding a beautiful black pony, which was saddled and bridled in a style not fit for his use, but such as any squire's son might ride upon. He stopped when he reached us, addressing all his discourse to me; which, being in Welsh, was unintelligible. Our landlord laughed, and said that Mrs. Jones, with her usual wilfulness, had sent the young savage to fetch me back; and that, in spite of all difficulties, there was yet a chance of the Cambridge man stopping at Hargelly. I was now more mystified than ever; but the mountain messenger soon relieved me, by producing from his pocket a letter sealed with black, directed to myself in a large bold hasty hand, and inscribed with the word "Immediate." Of course, I opened and read it at once.

It was from Mrs. Jones, written instantly after our departure, and so blotted with ink and tears, that parts of it were with difficulty legible. She first explained her own singular conduct — and incidentally that of Owen Jones and his son and daughter — by telling me that I bore a remarkable likeness to her deceased and only child, a son by her first marriage. His portrait would convince me of the truth of the statement. He had died abroad, and alone, during a pedestrian tour in Switzerland, with which she had allowed him to gratify his inborn love of mountain scenery. She believed he was dead; but the particulars which had reached her were so incomplete, that on first beholding me the hope flashed on her that it was he, returned from his wanderings; a second examination, nevertheless, and my own account of myself, at once undeceived her in that respect; but still, being lone and childless in the world, she had conceived a sudden affection for me. I should live at Llanellnig, as her guest. She had ample private funds of her own; and though I had better go through with the form of paying her husband, it was she who would give me the means of doing so. And as to the distance, she would obviate that. The pony ridden by her rugged envoy, once her son's, and never mounted since till to-day, should now be appropriated to my special service. Any desire I might express should be carefully at-

tended to. Would I good-naturedly gratify an old woman's whim, and pass my long vacation at Llanellnig? Would I kindly send back the boy on foot, and keep the pony that night at Hargelly, as a token and a promise that I would return next day? No other reply was necessary; all should be prepared for my reception.

The adventure was strange, and I was rather glad to have met with it. Still, though it flattered my importance, gratuitous board and lodging from a stranger, with horseflesh to boot, went a little against my pride. But I thought I could inform my friends of the circumstances; and then, if they disapproved my accepting, it was easy to insist on paying by and by. My curiosity was also excited, to see what would be the issue of the affair; and after pondering a minute or two, I took the pony's bridle in my hand, put my foot into the stirrup, and requesting my companion to lead my original hack to his stable-yard, allowed him to solve the details of the enigma as well as he could. The boy required no further tuition; he had already learned his cue from his mistress, and departed, rejoicing in the certainty that he should get something good in return for his trouble.

My college friends — to whom I did not confide every particular, fearing that my conquest of the Welsh-woman's heart might make me the butt of their dinner wit — they thought that the stars had highly favored me, to make me even the hirer of such a pony as that. For a time everything went on well, comfortably and conveniently. Tuition, dining, and the rides backwards and forwards to Hargelly, dovetailed into each other as neatly as could be desired. The portrait of the deceased young man might really have been painted for me; I was myself perfectly astonished at the resemblance. Less faithful likenesses to the person who sat for them are often seen executed by respectable artists. At my request, Mrs. Jones allowed her portrait to be taken by a gentleman who was stopping a few weeks at the neighboring watering-place. She chose to be depicted in the national costume, which she always adhered to — the man's black hat, the dark cloth cloak, and her own undulating masses of beautiful gray hair. The natural consequence of all this deference to my wishes was, that I became a petted and spoiled young man; and began and continued, I now feel most ungratefully, to regard my hostess' affection and kindness as matters merely of course and right. She procured me every dainty that appetite could desire; trout from the burn, salmon from the river, oysters from the sea, cockles from the sands, game from the moor, and



honey from the heath. My breakfast table was constantly supplied with produce of the dairy, of that delicacy and perfume which is only to be found in Alpine districts; and we had miniature joints of that exquisite mutton, which cannot be paralleled out of Wales. She was not unreasonably jealous or exacting of my attentions and presence. After a week or ten days' hard reading, she would suggest some little excursion, either by myself or with one of my college friends, as a relief from study; and would supply me with a letter of introduction, or with valuable information about the place I was going to. In this way I visited Snowdon, Cader Idris, the vale of Clwyd, and the wonders of Anglesea. But, notwithstanding her thus aiding me to see the country, she was anxious I should take a good degree at Cambridge. She was a person of deep religious feeling; and though she never obtruded the subject, the impression her society made was salutary. I often wondered what strange impulse could have induced such a woman to marry such a man. Later experience has taught me that many matches, especially on the part of the lady, are utterly inexplicable by any probable cause or motive. But it was whispered that she was scarcely herself at the time; and that the unaccountable event, which filled everybody with surprise, took place soon after the loss of her son, before she had recovered from the first excitement of passionate grief.

Owen Jones and his family at first treated me cordially enough. He was paid punctually every week the sum he had asked for my board and lodging, Mrs. Jones insisting on supplying me with the means; and that gratified his cupidity. But after a few weeks, I could see that some unpleasant notion had entered his mind. He did not care that Mrs. Jones and myself should be too much alone together, or that we should indulge in confidential conversation. He manifested great uneasiness, whenever she had occasion to go to Hargelly on her own private business. The cause of all this, it afterwards appeared, was his fear lest she should be persuaded to alter her will. He knew that she had made it at the time of their marriage, and also that he was to be benefited by it, though to what extent he was ignorant. He now was alarmed lest the new favorite (myself) should entirely supersede him and his in the testamentary document. He no doubt wished I had never set foot in Llanellin, and would have been heartily glad to see me depart; but he dared not take any initiative step which might be likely to rouse his wife's independent spirit. He brooded over what he fancied his wrongs,

and became every day more and more gloomy and morose.

When any set of people are brought together for a time, it is curious to observe how, after the first few days of acquaintance, they divide and group into knots and sets, forming particular friendships, and habitual little separate parties. Our reading-party did exactly in that way. We were all good friends together, meeting cordially every day at dinner; but still, certain individuals were more intimate with certain others than with the rest. The person whose company pleased me the most was the little, merry, round-shouldered, whimsical fellow named Scott, who rejoiced in the window out of which he could fish. We were perfectly dissimilar both in mind, person, and natural temperament: whence, perhaps, the cause of our mutual liking; the character of the one was supplementary to that of the other. Of course, he was my most frequent companion, in my excursions and researches amongst the neighboring mountains. He hired an excellent pony from the Merioneth Arms; and many is the mile we have trotted and scrambled together, up and down the rugged hillsides.

Scott, an affable, gentlemanly, open-hearted fellow, had made acquaintance with several of the best families of Hargelly, and amongst others with the principal attorney of the place, whose eldest son, William Williams, was just our own age, and who was now in his father's office, to be duly taken into partnership at a later date. These Cambridge reading-parties often have for their result intermarriages between widely separated counties. Intimacy with the brother procures introduction to the sister; and after the usual delays and negotiations, a bride comes home from the mansion of her distant friends. So it was here: Miss Williams afterwards became Mrs. Scott. That by the way; but what really has to do with my story is, that it was agreed that young Williams should join us on the occasion of our next trip, which was to visit the celebrated falls of Ostwrog. They are not more than an hour's walk from Llanellin; and it was arranged that Scott and Williams should ride over to my lodgings, and then we would all proceed to see the lions on foot.

The night preceding the day appointed turned out very stormy; and the morning still remained gusty, though fine and sunshiny—the very weather to see waterfalls to the best advantage. Trees were blown down, and crops were laid. Owen Jones was anxious about some sheep on the hills, and started early in the morning, with

Richard, to visit them. Peggy had to go to Hargelly, it being market day. Long after they had all left the house, my friends arrived, laughing heartily. Scott had irretrievably lost his travelling-cap. A puff of wind had blown it into the river. It soon sunk, and was carried down stream, and he had to ride the rest of the way bareheaded, with his long light hair streaming in the breeze. How was this disaster to be remedied? for he would catch his death of cold, by going to the falls in that forlorn and uncovered state. Knowing that Mrs. Jones would refuse me nothing, I impudently suggested the borrowing of her hat; to which she consented. Scott put it on, to his great delight; and then, as he said, to complete the resemblance (for he was but very little taller than the lady), he begged the further loan of her cloak, which was granted likewise.

We started for the falls; Williams giving his arm, with mock politeness, to Scott disguised as Mrs. Jones, while I walked respectfully on the other side. Before this boyish farce was ended, we caught sight of Owen Jones and his son, high up the mountain, evidently observing us, and watching us with astonishment. I was the first to remark their attitudes of eager curiosity; and, with youthful mischief and perverseness, we determined to keep up the joke, till we were out of sight. My shaggy young Taffy followed with a luncheon basket; and under his experienced guidance, we soon were in the midst of the scenery we searched for. The falls of Ostrog, though locally well known, have hardly so wide-spread a celebrity as they deserve. More beautiful waterfalls I have never seen, not even excepting those in Italy. They are inaccessible to all who cannot visit them on foot, and that circumstance may have deprived them of a host of admirers. They are three in number, perfectly apart and separate from one another, so that they give you the idea of three distinct, exquisite landscape paintings, each treasured in a cabinet entirely by itself. The composing elements are the same in each; black rock stratified horizontally, causing the stream to break over a series of natural steps; plenty of water; abundant foliage—moss, fern, and grass; complete seclusion; with rushing sound and rapid movement overhead, and stillness and repose in the foreground below. But the arrangement and the blending of all these features is varied in such an unexpected way, that the falls are totally dissimilar. In each, too, the composition is so faultlessly artistic, that it is impossible to say which of the three is the most beautiful. They are graces endowed with such equal and such contrast-

ing charms, that no man can award the prize to any one of them.

We revelled in our ramble; we enjoyed our luncheon; we toasted Mrs. Jones, both in her present and her absent character; and then we left, to return to Llanellnig, determining to bring the ladies next time. As we approached the house, we could see the Joneses, father and son, watching for our arrival from the summit of the hill. On entering, the hat and cloak were consigned to their closet. I lent Scott one of my own articles of head-gear to go home in, which my rough young page was to fetch back early next morning. When I went out with Scott and Williams, to bid them good-evening as they mounted their ponies, both Owen and Richard Jones had departed from their post, and had disappeared among the mountains. Late in the evening the son came in. The father did not return till I had retired to bed.

About midnight I was awoken by sounds of quarrelling. The voices were audibly those of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and no others. Loud and angry words resounded from the open door of Mrs. Jones' parlor (which was always considered as specially her own), and were re-echoed across the entrance-hall, till they reached the staircase-landing which led to my bedroom-door. I could hear my own name mentioned, and something about "damned dead son," "right glad of it," and "the will," followed by mutual bitter reproaches and threats, ending with Mrs. Jones exclaiming, energetically and obstinately, "I will do it, too, if I have a mind;" to which I caught a deep-muttered reply, "You'll do it, will you? Then I'll do it first." I started out of bed, began dressing myself, and set my door ajar. I could hear a rush, and then a desperate but silent struggle, as if two people were wrestling for life. Then I heard a single blow, and a fall, and a rustling noise, as if something heavy was being dragged along the floor. While huddling on my clothes as fast as I could, and instinctively seizing a walking-stick (I knew not exactly why) before rushing down stairs, I heard some one stir the fire violently, and the sound of the cinders rattling on the hearth. Maddened with excitement and terror, I flew into Mrs. Jones' sitting-room, and there beheld a horrible sight. In the middle of the apartment was a pool of blood; but she herself was lying, apparently dead, on her back, on the floor in front of the fireplace. Her head was thrust completely under the grate, and entirely covered with red-hot cinders. The poker was stuck as far as it could be into the live coals that still remained in the grate; and Owen Jones stood by, motion-

less, and prespiring profusely. Before he could recover from the stupor he seemed to be in, I had begun to alarm the house effectually. I then threw down my stick upon the floor, and dragged the body away from the fire, removing the hot ashes from her face and neck, till all my fingers were scorched and burned. I pulled the bell, shouted, and soon had Richard and Peggy, all the servants, out-door as well as in-door, around me. I sent off my own servant-lad instantly, to fetch the surgeon from Hargelly, and ordered a basin of water and a sponge to be immediately fetched into the room, to bathe Mrs. Jones' head with.

Jones again stirred the remains of the fire, examined the now red-hot poker, and seemed satisfied. He then glanced at my stick, which had fallen across the pool of blood, and growled out malignantly, "A pretty piece of business you have made here, Mr. Wilson! It is lucky that I caught you at it. You might as well have permitted the old lady to die a natural death, now that you are so sure of being mentioned in her will. But I don't give you long to enjoy what you have got. Murder is hanging matter in Wales, as well as in England." I made no reply to this terrible insinuation, though it made my blood run cold while he uttered it. A clear conscience repelled all fear and anxiety for myself; I only thought about ascertaining the real condition of the sufferer, and the amount of violence she had undergone. I carefully sponged her face and neck, and marvelled to see the little effect the fire had had upon her. I did not doubt that she was quite dead; but it clearly was not from the burning. In the struggle, her cap had fallen on one side, her profuse gray ringlets had escaped, and somehow, by the way in which she had been thrust under the grate, the whole of the back hair had been drawn in front, so as to form a thick veil over her face. Her eyes, lips, and cheeks, were uninjured. The worst burns were round the neck; and a deep wound in the scalp, all along one side of the head, was clogged and incrustated with cinder-ashes.

My savage young messenger had done his duty. He had flown on my pony to Hargelly, found the doctor, dispatched him instantly to Llanellinig, and then gone and informed Mr. Williams and his son, as well as my own party, what had happened, as far as he knew. The town was soon in an uproar of excitement. All those people quickly arrived, the doctor being the first, who, after a careful examination, pronounced that Mrs. Jones was *not* dead, and that she must be undressed, and got into bed as soon as possible.

Jones was aghast at hearing this opinion;

but still he persisted in making the charge that it was *I* who had committed the murderous assault. He displayed my bloody walking-stick, and pointed to my hands, already blistered, he said, with my attempts to obliterate the details of the deed, when he entered the room on hearing a disturbance; and he observed that two or three gray hairs were still hanging to the buttons of my coat sleeve. Why, too, was I so anxious for water and sponge? My Cambridge friends, as well as the Williamses, were shocked, as much on my account as on that of the wretched woman. Undeniably, a fearful crime had been perpetrated by some one. No suicide could account for the position of the body. The guilt seemed to lie between myself and Owen Jones. He was the first to accuse me with it. The circumstances were most serious to be placed in. But innocence, they remarked, had little cause for alarm—truth would make its way in the end. Some of the party came up, and shook hands with me; others present turned their backs upon me, or met my looks with a visage of stone.

I did not feel alarmed; but still, as they were alternately eyeing Jones and myself, while notes were being taken of the state of the room, and while warnings were given not to make any statement that might implicate ourselves, thoughts would flash across my mind, that executions had taken place on circumstantial evidence, which had afterwards appeared of doubtful justice; and even that cases had occurred of innocent persons being hung, from a mistaken verdict given on false evidence. Whilst agitated with these feverish speculations concerning possible, though undeserved evil, the doctor entered the room where we were. He stated that Mrs. Jones had been merely stunned, that her wound was not mortal, that the skull was not even fractured, in consequence of the weapon having apparently glanced on one side: that, if her recovery went on as rapidly as it promised, she would be able to make her deposition in a few hours; that it was desirable to secure the early attendance of magistrates and legal men, in case any unfavorable symptoms should come on; and that it was inexpedient for him to give, at present, any hint of what had been already confided to his ear. To me this announcement was a joyous personal release and relief, besides the pleasure it gave me to know that Mrs. Jones' life would probably be saved by my interference. On Owen Jones it had the most depressing effect. He fell into a state of complete prostration. There was an end now of his triumphant sneers, his malignant looks, his terrible accusations. He turned in a moment as pale as parchment;

he sat as silent as a stone, as cold, and as clammy.

Mrs. Jones expressed a wish to see me; but it was refused, on the ground of fearing the excitement it might cause her. Perhaps other and technical motives might have their share. Soon after daybreak, two magistrates and their clerk arrived. Mrs. Jones made her statement on oath, that she and her husband had had a dispute last night, in consequence of his charging her with conspiring with Mr. Williams and myself to effect an alteration in her will without his knowledge, and with having been absent from the house several hours for that purpose. That she had scorned to undeceive him, delighting rather to tease him by allowing him to continue in his mistake, and asserting her right to remain mistress of her own property. That he then had struck her with the poker, threatening to kill her; and after that, that she remembered nothing, till she awoke to consciousness, and found herself under the doctor's hands. The result of the whole was, that Owen Jones was removed, handcuffed, in a gig between two constables, to the county jail, and that I was bound over to appear as a witness on the trial, if called upon.

The remainder of this tragedy was rapidly played. The summer assizes were at hand, and the trial took place. Mrs. Jones was well enough to give evidence in court. It came out that this was not the first brutal attack he had made upon her, nor the first time he had threatened her life. The jury, without leaving the box, found him guilty; and the judge, in severe terms, sentenced him to death, distinctly telling him that there was no hope of mercy for him in this world. He wildly appealed to his wife to forgive him, to plead for him, and to beseech the judge to spare his life; but she was silent, and deliberately turned her head aside, while her eyes were lighted up with a strange and almost a mad expression. In these present times, perhaps, as the intended victim did not die, his sentence might have been commuted into transportation for life; but the law was sterner in its action then. The fatal day arrived, and the execution was an unusually terrible scene. The hangman, who had been sent for from Chester, by some neglect or weakness, pinioned Jones imperfectly; arrived on the gallows, his arms were loose. There he struggled and broke forth with the strength of despair; he bit the executioner frightfully, and then he clasped the posts of the gallows, refusing to be torn away. At last, after efforts which I cannot describe, he was once more properly secured, and then, as they say in stereotyped phrase, was "launched into eternity."

No interview took place between Mrs. Jones and her husband, during the short time that elapsed from his sentence to his execution; but by an extraordinary perversity of feeling which I cannot understand, his own son and daughter went to see him hung. Whether they bore any old grudge against him, or whether they meant their presence to be a comforting and complimentary act of duty, I could not inquire, much less discover. They were there, nevertheless and remained till the body was cut down at the end of the hour. As the murder was not actually perpetrated, he was not ordered for dissection, but was buried in the only churchyard belonging to the town. His remains, however, did not repose there long. The inhabitants vowed that such a villain as that should not lie in consecrated ground together with the fathers and mothers of respectable people; so that very night he was disinterred, without the least attempt at secrecy, packed in a box, and sent off immediately by steamboat to a well-known anatomical lecturer in Liverpool.

After the occurrence of these dreadful events, which had completely interrupted my mathematical reading, I could not desert Mrs. Jones in her lonely house, painful as they made the place to dwell in. The good management of Jones' lawyers had secured to his son and daughter, Richard and Peggy, a sufficiency to live on in their humdrum Welsh way; and Mrs. Jones increased it by a life-annuity to each, granted on the condition that they should never come beneath the same roof with herself. But they showed no inclination to trouble her in that way, and took themselves off to the extremity of South Wales. She recovered her health rapidly, and I resumed my usual routine. We even felt happy and undisturbed in our filial and maternal relationship. When we had nothing else to talk of, she would teach me Welsh, saying that it might prove useful to me hereafter; and I soon was able to express my wants in his own language to the shaggy young native who served me as factotum. The close of the long vacation, and the temporary dispersion of our party, at length effected my separation from Mrs. Jones. I think she would not have consented to it, but she felt that a necessary visit to my friends, and the approach of the Cambridge October term, rendered our parting imperative. She allowed me to go, with many tears, entreating me to write to her frequently, and to visit her again before very long. The former request I did fulfil; the latter, I am ashamed to say, was never complied with. The omission was not altogether my fault. On one or two occasions,



when about to start, I was dissuaded and detained by a younger lady, who has since been the heroine of my drama of life. My next long vacation — namely, the last one before taking my degree at Christmas — was spent in her neighborhood, instead of revisiting North Wales. Mrs. Jones' letters became more and more passionate and reproachful. She lamented her own lot, in having a heart overflowing with affection, with no object at hand on which to lavish it; she told me how foolish and ignorant I was, if I believed that there existed but one kind of love — that which she knew then occupied all my thoughts; she prophesied that, if ever I should hereafter be tormented by the pangs of unrequited parental attachment, the remembrance of her would haunt my mind; and she resigned herself with regret to the rule, that the love of elders for the young is stronger than the love which the young bear to their elders. Finally, she urged me to visit her, if only once more. I could not then, and informed her so, promising to go to Llanellnig early the following spring. She wrote no more.

During my last October term at Cambridge, I read very hard, and became out of health. The senate-house examination at Christmas knocked me up completely, as it did many others, and I was downright ill. My degree was a failure; it was respectable enough, and a sufficient proof of educational advancement, but perfectly useless in procuring any honors in the university, or any advancement out of it. My destined profession was before me, and that was all the

present prospect I had to trust to. The disappointment (for it was one) and the overworking of the brain confined me to my room. In my long hours of loneliness there, I often thought of the woman who loved me as a mother, and resolved, as soon as my strength permitted, to go and take her by surprise. One morning, however, a business-looking letter, bearing the outward signs of mourning, and the Hargelly postmark, informed me that Mrs. Margaret Jones had sickened rapidly, and died suddenly, and that I was interested in her will.

It was a singular one. The bulk of her fortune — much more considerable than was generally supposed — was left to various charitable institutions. To me she bequeathed £500, to be paid immediately, to furnish a house, with the request that I would accept her portrait, hang it conspicuously therein, and would fit up two rooms with the furniture from those I had occupied at Llanellnig. She further bequeathed me £1000, to be paid on the day of my marriage, and the same sum every tenth anniversary of that day, as long as I should live. It was, in fact, an annuity of £100 a-year, paid in advance. Often has her portrait reproached me that she had treated my selfish coldness only too forbearingly; if my profession turned out ever so unprofitably, at least I could not die of want. But a new church and some well-endowed schools at Hargelly have absorbed the fortune which might have been mine, but for my failing to show a proper degree of gratitude, and a generous warmth of reciprocal affection.

PAPERING ROOMS.—Herman Schinkel, M.A., citizen and printer of Delft, belonging to the Reformed Religion, was apprehended, A. D. 1568, on a charge of printing and publishing books inimical to the Catholic faith; for which he was sentenced to death, and suffered in July following. In his examination (as detailed by him in his last and farewell letter to his wife), being interrogated as to certain ballads alleged by his accusers to have been printed at his press, he said they were printed by his servant in his absence. And —

“Want ick quam t’huys, eer dat sy gelevert waren, ende doe en woude ick niet gedooogen, dat mense leveren sonde, maarick schichtese in een Noeck, om roosen en stricken op d’andere zijde te drucken, daer men Solders mede bekleet,” &c.

“When he came home, and found they were

not delivered, he refused to deliver them, and threw them into a corner, intending to print roses and stripes on the other side, to paper attics with,” &c.

Is there any earlier mention of papering rooms than this? JAMES KNOWLES.

—Notes and Queries.

COCK-FIGHTING, ITS ORIGIN.—“Themistocles, marching against the Persians, beheld two of these determined warriors in the heat of battle, and thereupon pointed out to his Athenian soldiery their indomitable courage. The Athenians were victorious; and Themistocles gave orders that an annual cock-fight should be held in commemoration of the encounter they had witnessed. No record, however, of the sport occurs in this country (England), before the year 1191.” — *Freemasons’ Q. M.*, July, 1853.

## RHINE-LAND.

WE lean'd beneath the purple vine,  
In Andernach, the hoary;  
And at our elbows ran the Rhine  
In rosy twilight glory.

Athwart the Seven-hills far seen  
The sun had fail'd to broaden;  
Above us stream'd in fading sheen  
The highway he had trodden.

His farewell crimson kiss he left  
On clouds suffused with blushes:  
One star beam'd down the dewberry-cleft  
Across the mirror'd flashes.

From cliffs of slate the vintage call'd  
In muffled leagage dusky:  
And down the river grandly wall'd,  
The grape reel'd ripe and husky.

We reach'd entwining hands to seize  
The clusters round us glowing:  
Our locks were fondled by the breeze  
From southern sandhills blowing.

The long-neck'd flask was not unbent,  
The globed green glass unemptied;  
The god of honest pleasure lent  
Young Love his powers, untempted.

Home-friends we pledged, our bridal-maids;  
Sweet wishes gayly squandered:  
We wander'd far in fairy glades,  
Up golden heights we wander'd.

Like King and Queen in royal bliss,  
We paced a realm enchanted,  
A realm rose-vista'd, rich from this,  
Tho' not from this transplanted.

For this Rome's frontier foot endear'd,  
Her arm'd heel made holy;  
And Ages gray as Time's own beard  
Wreathed it with melancholy.

Old days it has that live in gleams  
Of suns forever setting:  
A moth-wing'd splendor, faint as dreams,  
That keeps the fancy fretting.

A gorgeous tracing dash'd with gloom,  
And delicately dusted:  
To grasp it is to spoil its bloom;  
'T was ours because we trusted.

No longer severing our embrace  
Was Night a sword between us;  
But richest mystery robed in grace  
To lock us close, and screen us.

She droopt in stars; she whisper'd fair;  
The wooded crags grew dimmer;  
The arrow in the lassie's hair  
Glanced by a silver glimmer.

The ruin-rock renew'd its frown,  
With terror less transparent,  
Tho' all its ghosts are hunted down,  
And all its knights are errant.

The island in the gray expanse,  
We watch'd with color'd longing:  
The mighty river's old romance  
Thro' many channels thronging.

Ah, then, what voice was that which shed  
A breathless scene before us:  
We heard it, knowing not we heard;  
It rose around and o'er us.

It rose around, it thrill'd with life,  
And did infuse a spirit  
To misty shapes of ancient strife:  
Again I seem to hear it!

The voice is clear, the song is wild,  
And has a quaint transition;  
The voice is of a careless child  
Who sings an old tradition.

He sings it witless of his power;  
Beside the rushing eddies,  
His singing plants the tall white tower  
Mid shades of knights and ladies.

Against the glooming of the west  
The gray hawk-ruins darken,  
And hand in hand, half breast to breast,  
Two lovers gaze and hearken.

*Household Words.*

## "LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE."

"A LIFE on the Ocean Wave!"  
The man who wrote it was green;  
He never has been to sea,  
And a storm he never has seen.

He never has seen a wave  
As it dashed o'er the vessel's deck;  
He never has seen a fire at sea,  
Or been floating upon a wreck.

He never has been aroused  
From his morning's gentle doze  
By the sound of splashing water,  
As it fell from the horrid hose.

He never has heard man  
Scrubbing right over his head,  
With a noise sufficient to rouse  
From the grave the slumbering dead.

He never has seen a fat woman  
Growing thinner day by day,  
And leaning over the vessel's side,  
Throwing herself away;

While people look carelessly on,  
Though in tears the woman may be,  
And unfeeling say it is nothing at all,  
Only the roll of the sea.

And O! he has never been sea-sick,  
And crept into bed in his coat,  
While every motion increased his throes,  
And his feelings were all in his throat.

That man may have sailed in a boat,  
In some puddle or on a sound;  
But if he has been to sea and wrote  
Such a song, he deserves to be drown'd.

— *New York Spirit of the Times.*

From late English Papers.

# ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN OF OUDE IN ENGLAND.

SOUTHAMPTON, Aug. 20. — The Indus arrived this evening with the heavy portion of the Indian mail. Amongst the passengers are the Queen Dowager of Oude, and the brother and son of the ex-King, with one hundred and six followers. The Queen Dowager is a good-looking woman, of dark complexion, fifty-five years of age, and very intelligent. She is very sanguine as to the success of her mission to this country for the restoration of her son to the throne of Oude.

She has £80,000 for current expenses. The jewelry she lost on her voyage was worth £50,000. Some portion of it was intended for presents for the Queen of England. The brother of the ex-King is a fine tall man, and is a general in the Oude army.

The son of the ex-King is a very handsome youth. They dress in the most magnificent style, their head-dresses being covered with diamonds and emeralds. Many of the followers are small, poor-looking men, and exceedingly dark. They are shoemakers, tailors, cooks, and of other trades. They were working all day long on board. The cooking apparently never ceased. The Queen of Oude and suite occupied the whole of the fore part of the ship, where a cooking galley was fitted up. The party lived upon rice, curry, sheep and lambs, between Alexandria and Southampton. The dishes were usually served up of curries and pillaus. The Queen of Oude occasionally sent into the saloon for the English passengers a curry or pillau, and such dishes were found to be delicious.

An eunuch is with the party; he is a very extraordinary looking personage. He has long hair, and a feminine bust and voice.

There are six maids of honor in attendance on the Queen every day. A screen was erected on deck, the enclosed part was carpeted, and the Queen and ladies were escorted up behind the screen, and guarded by the eunuch, who behaved with remarkable severity in keeping all persons from gazing on the ladies. He is a general of infantry in the Oude army.

Owing to the state of the tide the Queen and her suite could not land to-night. The Indus will arrive in dock about seven o'clock to-morrow morning. The most intense interest exists in the town to see the Queen and her suite. The whole of White's Royal York Hotel has been taken for them; it was uninhabited, and workmen and charwomen have been working night and day to clean and fit up the hotel. The Queen is to pay twelve guineas a day for the use of the hotel.

Five houses in Regent's-park, London, have been taken for the Queen Dowager.

One of the party, a monshee, or writer, died on the voyage. He lived for a long time entirely upon opium.

It is believed that the box of jewelry which has been said to be lost was stolen.

The Ex-King of Oude is expected to leave Calcutta shortly for England, with 150 followers.

The treasures which the Queen has on board consist chiefly of the most costly Cashmere shawls and jewelry.

SOUTHAMPTON, August 21. — As soon as the Indus came alongside this morning, the European passengers and their luggage left the ship first. Then the baggage and treasures of the Oude party were landed, and placed into one of the dock-sheds cleared out for them, the Lords of the Treasury having ordered that every facility should be given for the landing and passing through the Customs. The inferior persons of the Queen of Oude's suite landed with the baggage, and remained in the shed, guarding the baggage and treasures. Each of the packages of the latter had the word "Oude" written on them. The interior of the shed looked like an Eastern caravanserai and bazaar combined. Heaps of bedding, valuables, culinary utensils, pipes, techebous, baths, vessels of all descriptions, were lying about, and the Gudeans were amusing themselves with smoking, disputing, and chatting. A *drole* amongst them, by his antics, sparring, &c., caused much laughter.

The Oudeans are a mixed race; there is Arab blood in many of the natives, and a few of the suite are Mohammedans. The Queen and Prince decided on landing at three o'clock this afternoon. The sedan intended for the use of the Queen was too large to be got out conveniently from the main deck of the Indus, and it was resolved in consequence that her majesty should land in a palanquin and be conveyed to a carriage close to the ship. Just before three o'clock, two splendid carriages were sent from Mr. Andrew's (the Mayor of Southampton) carriage bazaar, drawn by four horses. At three o'clock unusual excitement was observed at the gangway of the Indus. The landing-stage from the ship to the dock was covered with carpet. Surrounding the gangway were eunuchs, and the chief officers of state belonging to the Court of Oude dressed in magnificent robes, and holding the insignia of their offices. A snow-white screen was held up before the gangway.

It was now whispered that preparations were making for the Queen's leaving the ship, and voices were heard behind the screen.

Presently, two figures, dressed like Egyptian mummies, appeared, and walked across to the stage, their little naked feet in gaudy slippers turned up at the toes. They were assisted into the Queen's carriage, not a vestige of any part of them being seen but their feet and legs. These were the chosen maids of honor to the Queen. Soon after they were seated the screen was thrown down, and the palanquin was brought out. It consisted of a chair inclosed in a slender frame, which was covered with a splendid blue and silver robe. In it was the Queen, whom few persons in the world have ever seen. A splendid scarlet umbrella was held over the palanquin. Mace-bearers attended her; eunuchs and officers of state preceded and followed her.

The pressure of the crowd to get a glimpse of her was intense, and the gigantic eunuchs were in agony. The difficulty of getting her majesty into the carriage without being seen was immense. At length a screen was placed against the body of the carriage, and her majesty was just in the act of stepping in, when, horror of horrors, two men were detected on the coachman's box, looking deliberately into the carriage, and about to stare her majesty in the face. A shout of indignation drove them from their post, to the infinite relief of the courtiers. As soon as her majesty was seated, the carriage started for the Royal York Hotel, where the Queen is to reside during her stay in Southampton. Shortly afterwards the Mayor arrived in the docks and went on board the *Indus*. He was accompanied by Major Bird, the agent to the Queen of Oude, and a number of Oriental gentlemen. The Mayor was introduced to the princes, and soon afterwards the heir-apparent to the throne of Oude, escorted by his worship and followed by the heir-presumptive to the same throne, left the ship and entered the carriage prepared for them. Two finer looking princes one would not wish to see. The heir-apparent is a youth about 5 feet 6 inches in height, with a thin lithe figure, and looking not more than 18 years of age. His face was of a brown color, and his eye bright and intelligent. His uncle, the heir-presumptive, is a handsome, stout-built man, regal in appearance. They were both gorgeously dressed, their head-dresses being in the shape of a helmet, and glittering with the lustre

of precious stones. Their appearance seemed to strike the crowd who witnessed their landing with astonishment, and an involuntary burst of admiration, in the shape of an hurrah, took place. The young Prince evidently did not know what to make of the applause, and paused and looked about him with great dignity. His uncle lifted the back of his hand to his forehead and then smiled.

As soon as the Princes were seated, the Mayor of the town and Major Bird, the agent, entered the same carriage, and drove off to the Royal York Hotel. The whole of the suite soon followed in omnibuses, cabs, and cabs, and appeared highly amused. As soon as the Princes reached the hotel, an immense crowd gathered round it, and called for the Princes. The latter were led on to the balcony by Major Bird, who addressed the crowd, stating the object of the visit of the Princes to this country, and claiming from Englishmen an investigation into their grievances, and demanding that justice should be done the Princes.

Lucknow, the capital of Oude, is about 600 miles from Calcutta. It is now six months since the royal family of Oude and their suite left their own country, and they have travelled nearly 10,000 miles to reach England. Great credit is due to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, the customs authorities, and Messrs. Hedger and Levy, on the part of the docks, for the arrangements made for the convenient landing of the Queen and Princes.

The following are the names of the royal family of Oude and the chief persons of their suite, which have come to England in the *Indus*—viz.: Her Majesty Jenab Allur, Queen Dowager of Oude; his Highness Mirza Wallee Hyder Bahadoor, heir apparent to the throne of Oude; his Highness Mirza Secundra Hushmut Bahadoor, heir presumptive to the throne of Oude; Moolee Musseordeen Khan Bahadoor, equerry to the ex-King of Oude; Moonshe Mahomed Ruffe, secretary to the ex-King; Jalleesod Dowlah Syed Allee Khan Bahadoor, aid-de-camp to the ex-King; and Neeval Nazier Mahomed, Jooreet Allee Khan, Meer Turzaud Allee Khan, Meer Bakah Allee Khan, and Har-mussiee Berzerjee Moodee, principal officers and aids in attendance on the Queen and Princes.